

THE ~~3^d Year~~
Merry Musician;
OR, A
CURE for the SPLEEN:
BEING
A COLLECTION of the
most diverting SONGS & pleasant
BALLADS set to Musick; adapted
to every Taste and Humour.

*Harmonious Mirth, & sweetest Lays have long
Charms with soft Notes & beauteous feather'd Throng
If so, Melodious Strains must surely prove
Successful to persuade Mankind to Love.
For Musick fills the Breast with warm desire
Touches the Heart, and does each Soul inspire*

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*The Merry Musician; or
A Cure for the Spleen.*

1

The Charms of Wine. by M^r. Monro.

Sym tr tr

Wine has

Charms beyond ex-pressing, and the

Power to chear the Soul; Let us

then enjoy the Blessing, wholly

free from all controul, whol-ly

free from all controul.



Wine all other Joys exceeding,
Wine's a whet-itone to the Wit;
Wine improves the Courtiers breeding,
Wine gives Brightness to the Cit.

2 *The Merry Musicians; or*

Whence Proceeds the Subtle Motions
Of the Lawyers, Clergy, State?
Did not Wine inspire their Notions,
Fools they'd be like those they cheat.

Take then plenty of this Liquor,
Drinking thus you'll nêr be dull;
Slow. insipid Time moves quicker,
When we see our Glasses full.

When you find your self o'er heated,
To some *Phillis* then retire;
But take care too oft repeated,
Don't at last increase your Fire.



A Cure for the Spleen.

3

The Despairing Lover.

And:te
A Swain of Love despairing, Thus
waild his cruel Fate; His grief the
Shepherds sharing, In Circles round him
fate: The Nymphs in kind compas-
sion, The luckless Lover mourn'd; All
who had felt the Passion, A
Sigh for Sigh return'd.

O Friends your plaints give over,
Your kind concern forbear;
Shou'd Cloe but discover,
For me you'd shed a Tear,
Her Eyes she'd Arm with Vengeance,
Your friendship soon subdue;
Too late you'd ask forgiveness,
And for her mercy sue.

4 *The Merry Musician; or*

Her charms such force discover,
Resistance is in vain;
Spight of your self you'l love her,
And hug the galling chain:
Her witt the Flame increases,
And rivets fast the Dart;
She has ten thousand Graces,
And each could gain a Heart.

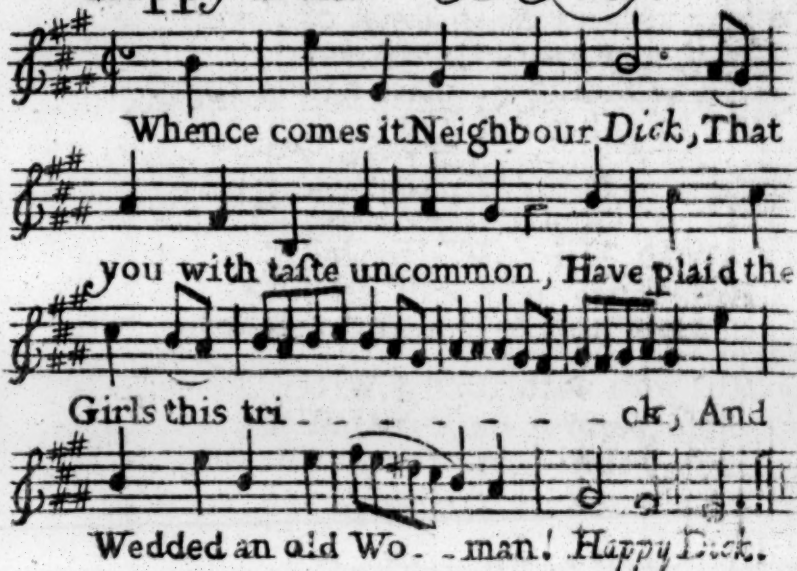
But oh! one more diserving,
Has thaw'd her frozen Breast;
Her heart to him devoting,
She's cold to all the rest:
Their love with joy abounding,
The thought distracts my brain;
O cruel Maid! then sounding,
He fell upon the Plain.



A Cure for the Spleen.

5

Happy Dick. *A Long.*



Each Bell condemns the Choice,
Of a youth so gay and sprightly;
But we your friends rejoy- ce,
That you have judg'd so rightly, &c.

Tho' odd to some it sounds,
That on threescore you've ventur'd;
Yet in Ten Thousand Pou. nds,
Ten Thousand charms are centr'd, &c.

Beauty you know will fade,
As does the short liv'd Flower;
Nor can the fairest Ma. id,
Insure her Bloom an hqur, &c.

But wisely you resign,
For Sixty charms so transient,
As the curious value Co. in,
The more for being antient, &c.

6 *The Merry Musician; or*

With joy your spouse shall see,
The fading Beauties round her,
And she her self still be - -
The same that first you found her &c.

Oft is the marriage state
With Jealousie attended;
And hence thro' foul debate,
Are Nuptial joys suspended &c.

But you with such a Wife,
No Jealous fears are under;
She's yours alone for li-fe,
Or much we all shou'd wonder &c.

Her death wou'd grieve you sore,
But let it not torment you;
My life she'll see fourscore,
If that will but content you &c.

On this you may rely,
For the pains you took to win her,
She'll ne'er in Childbed dye,
Unless the Devil's in her &c.

Some have the name of Hell
To matrimony given;
How falsely you can tell,
Who have found it such a Heaven &c.

With spouse long share the Bliss,
You had mist in any other;
And when you've bury'd this,
May you have such another &c

Observing hence from you,
In marriage such decorum;
Our wiser youths shall do - -
As you have done before 'em,

Happy Dick.

A Cure for the Spleen.
FLUTE.

7



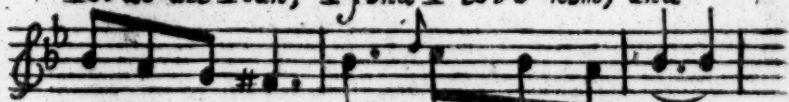
The Words by M^r Cibber.



What Woman cou'd do, I have try'd to be free,



Yet do all I can; I find I love him, and



tho' he flies me, Still, Still he's the Man:



They tell me at once he to twenty will Swear, ⁿ.



Vows are so sweet who the falshood can fear,



So, when you have said all you can, Still,



Still he's the Man.

The Merry Musician; or

I Caught him once making Love to a Maid,
 When to him I ran,
 He turn'd, and he kiss'd me, then who could upbraid
 So Civil a Man:
 The next Day I found to a third he was kind,
 I Rated him soundly, he swore I was blind,
 So let me do what I can,
 Still, Still he's the Man.

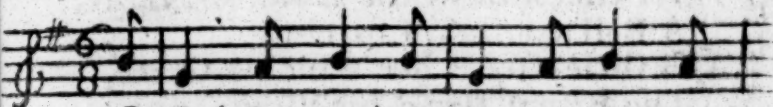
All the World bids me beware of his Art,
 I do what I can:
 But he has taken such hold of my heart,
 I Doubt he's the Man:
 So sweet are his kisses, his Looks are so kind,
 He may have his faults, but If none I can find,
 Who can do more then they can,
 He Still is the Man.



A Cure for the Spleen.

9

LUCY and COLLIN.) By M^r. TICKEL..



Of *Leinster*, fam'd for Maidens fair, Bright



Lucy was the Grace; Nor e'er did *Lissy's*



limpid Stream Reflect so sweet a Face.



'Till luckless Love, and pining Care, Im



pair'd her rosie Hue, Her coral Lips, and



damask Cheeks, and Eyes of glossy Blue.

Oh, have you seen a Lilly pale,

When beating Rains descend?

So droop'd the flow-consuming Maid,

Her Life now near its End.

By *Lucy* warn'd, of flatt'ring Swains

Take heed, ye easy Fair:

Of Vengeance due to broken Vows,

Ye perjur'd Swains, beware.

Three times, all in the Dead of Night,
 A Bell was heard to ring;
 And shrieking at her Window thrice,
 The Raven flap'd his Wing:
 Too well the Love-lorn Maiden knew
 The solemn boding Sound;
 And thus, in dying Words, bespoke
 The Virgins, weeping round.

I hear a Voice you cannot hear,
 Which says, I must not stay;
 I see a Hand you cannot see,
 Which beckons me away.
 By a false Heart, and broken Vows,
 In early Youth I dye;
 Was I to blame, because his Bride
 Was thrice as rich as I?

Ah, *Collin!* give not her thy Vows,
 Vows due to me alone;
 Nor thou, fond Maid, receive his Kiss,
 Nor think him all thy own.
 To-morrow in the Church to wed,
 Impatient, both prepare;
 But know, fond Maid; and know, false Man,
 That *Lucy* will be there.

Then bear my Coarse, my Comerades, bear,
 This Bridegroom blythe to meet;
 He in his Wedding-Trim so gay,
 I, in my Winding Sheet.
 She spoke, she dy'd; her Coarse was born,
 The Bridegroom blythe to meet;
 He in his Wedding-Trim so gay,
 She in her Winding Sheet.

A Cure for the Spleen.

11

Then what were perjur'd *Collin's* Thoughts?
How were these Nuptials kept?
The Bridesmen flock'd round *Lucy* dead,
And all the Village wept.
Confusion, Shame, Remorse, Despair,
At once his Bosom swell;
The Damps of Death bedew'd his Brow,
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain Bride (ah Bride no more!)
The varying Crimson fled;
When stretch'd before her Rivals' Coarse,
She saw her Husband dead.
Then to his *Lucy's* new-made Grave,
Convey'd by trembling Swains,
One Mold with her, beneath one Sod,
For ever now remains.

Oft at this Grave, the constant Hind
And plighted Maid are seen;
With Garlands gay, and True-Love Knots,
They deck the sacred Green.
But, Swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd Spot forbear;
Remember *Collin's* dreadfull Fate,
And fear to meet him there.



12 *The Merry Musician; or*

The Way to be SAVED.

Set by M^r. N. HAYM.



Musing on Cares of humane Fate, In



a sad Cypress Grove; A strange Dis-



pute I heard of late, 'Twixt Virtue, Fame, and



Love: A pensive Shepherd ask'd Advice, And



their Opinion crav'd, How he might



hope to be so wise, To get a Place beyond the



Skies, And how he might be sav'd.

Nice Virtue preach'd Religion's Laws,
Paths to eternal Rest;
To fight his King's and Country's Cause,
Fame counsell'd him was best.
But Love oppos'd their noisy Tongues,
And thus their Votes out-brav'd;
"Get, get a Mistress, fair and young,
"Love fiercely, constantly and long,
"And then thou shalt be sav'd.

Swift as a Thought, the amorous Swain
To *Silvia's* Cottage flies;
In soft Expressions told her plain
The way to heav'nly Joys.
She, who with Piety was stor'd,
Delays no longer crav'd.
Charm'd by the God whom they ador'd
She smil'd and took him at his Word.
And thus they both were sav'd.

14. *The Merry Musician; or*

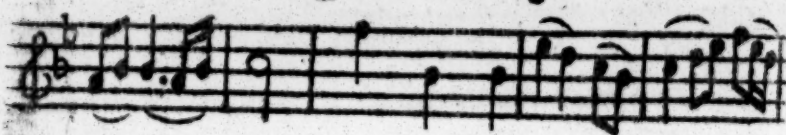
In Praise of ANNIE.



Young *Annie's* budding Graces



claim. The inspir'd Thought and



softest Lays, And kindle in the Breast a



Flame, Which must be vented in her



Praise. Tell us, ye gentle Shepherds,



have you seen E'er One so like an Angel



tread the Green?

Ye Youth, be watchful of your Hearts,
When she appears, take the Alarm:
Love on her Beauty points his Darts,
And wings an Arrow from each Charm.
Around her Eyes, and Smiles, the Graces sport
And to her snowy Neck and Breasts resort.

But vain must ev'ry Caution prove,
When such enchanting Sweetness shines:
The wounded Swain must yield to Love,
And wonder, tho' he hopeless pines.
Such Flames the foppish Butter-fly should shun
The Eagle's only fit to view the Sun.

She's as the opening Lilly fair,
Her lovely Features are complete;
Whilst Heav'n, indulgent, makes her share
With Angels all that's wise and sweet.
These Virtues, which divinely deck her Mind
Exalt each Beauty of th' inferior Kind.

Whether she love the rural Scenes,
Or sparkle in the airy Town,
O happy He her Favour gains,
Unhappy! if she on him frown.
The Muse unwilling quits the lovely Theme,
Adieu, she sings, and thrice repeats her Name.

16 *The Merry Musician; or*

The Words by Mr. BAKER. Set by Mr. TENOE.



What is Glory, Wealth, or Pleasure,



After which Mankind aspire?



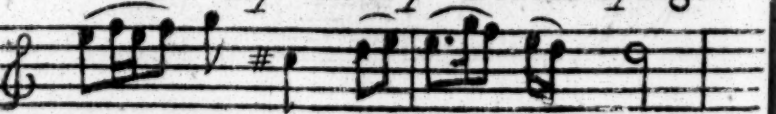
Thou, my Life! art all the Treasure,



Joy, and Glo-ry, I desire.



On thy snowy Bosom lying,



Praising my auspicious Fate,



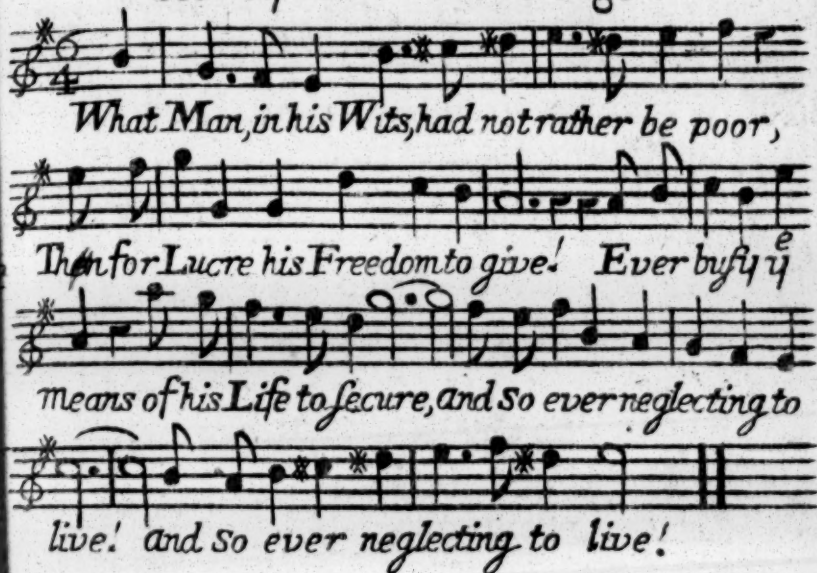
Love a mutual Bliss supplying,



I am Hap-py, Rich, and Great.

The Miser's Pursuit.

Set by M^r. Leveridge.



What Man, in his Wits, had not rather be poor,
Then for Lucre his Freedom to give! Ever busy y^e
means of his Life to secure, and so ever neglecting to
live! and so ever neglecting to live!

Inviron'd from Morning to Night in a Crowd,
Not a Moment unbent or alone;

Constrain'd to be abject, tho' never so proud,
And at ev'ry one's Call but his own;
And at ev'ry one's Call but his own:

Still repining, and longing for Quiet each Hour,
Yet studiously flying it still;

With the Means of enjoying his Wish in his Pow'r
But accurst with his wanting the Will;
But accurst with his wanting the Will.

The Merry Musician; or


For a Year must be past, or a Day must become,
 Before he has Leisure to rest:
 He must add to his Store this, or that pretty Sum;
 And then will have Time to be blest:
 And then will have Time to be blest.

But his Gains, more bewitching, the more they incre^{ase},
 Only swell the Desire of his Eye:
 Such a Wretch let mine Enemy live, if he please;
 Let not even mine Enemy die:
 Let not even mine Enemy die.

For the Flute



The Insensible Written by a Lady.



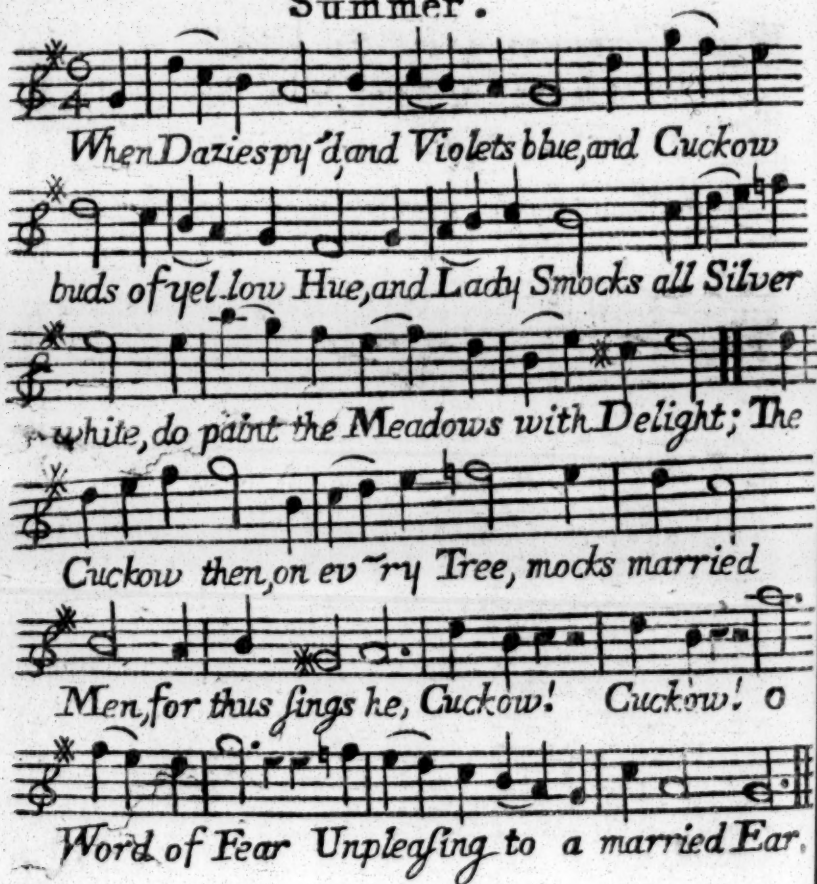
Strephon hath Fashion, Wit, and Youth, with all things
else that please; He nothing wants but Love and
Truth, To ru - in me with Ease. But he is
Flint, and bears the Art To kindle
fierce Desire, Whose Pow'r enflames a -
nother's Heart, And he ne'er feels the Fire.

Oh how it does my Soul perplex,
When I his Charms recall;
To think he should despise the Sex,
Or, what's worse, love 'em all..
So that my Heart, like Noah's Dove,
In vain has sought for Rest;
Finding no Hopes to fix my Love,
Returns into my Breast.

20 *The Merry Musician; or*

From Shakespear) Set by M^r. Leveridge.

Summer.



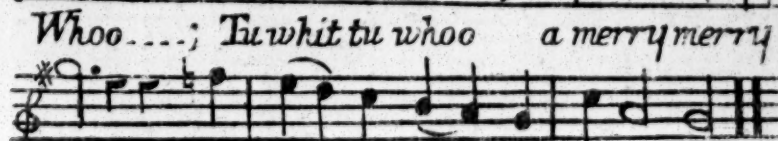
When Dazies py'd and Violets blue, and Cuckow
buds of yel-low Hue, and Lady Smocks all Silver
white, do paint the Meadows with Delight; The
Cuckow then, on ev'ry Tree, mocks married
Men, for thus sings he, Cuckow! Cuckow! o
Word of Fear Unpleasing to a married Ear.

When Shepherds pipe on Oaten Straws,
And merry Larks are Plowmen's Clocks;
When Turtles tread, and Rooks and Daws;
And Maidens bleach their Summer Smocks:
The Cuckow then, on ev'ry Tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he;
Cuckow! Cuckow! o Word of Fear
Unpleasing to a married Ear.

A Cure for the Spleen 21

Winter.

When Icicles hang by the Wall,
 And Dick the Shepherd blows his Nail;
 And Tom bears Logs into the Hall:
 And Milk comes Frozen home in Pail:



When all aloud the Wind doth blow,
 And Coughing drowns the Parson's Saw
 And Birds sit brooding in the Snow,
 And Marrian's Nose looks red and raw:
 Then roasted Crabs hiss in the Bowl;
 And nightly sings the staring Owl:
 Tu whit tu whoo, a merry merry. Note,
 While greasie Joan doth keel the Pot.

22 *The Merry Musician; or*

*Celia's Reflection on her self for slighting
Philander's Love.*



Young Philander woo'd me long, But I was
peevish and for bad him; I would not hear his
loving Song, But now I wish, I wish I
had him: Each Morning when I view my
Glass, Then I perceive my Beauty going, And
when the Wrinkles Seize the Face, Then
we may bid a dieu to Wooing.

My Beauty, once so much admir'd,
I find it fading fast, and flying;
My Cheeks, which Coral-like appear'd,
Grow pale, the broken Blood decaying:
Ah! we may see our selves to be
Like Summer Fruit that is unshaken:
When ripe, they soon fall down and die,
And by Corruption quickly taken.

Use then your Time, ye Virgins fair,
Employ your Day before 'tis evil;
Fifteen is a Season rare,
But Five and Twenty is the Devil.
Just when ripe consent unto't,
Hug no more your lonely Pillow;
For Women are like other Fruit,
They lose their Relish when too mellow.

If Opportunity be lost,
You'll find it hard to be reclaim'd;
Which now I may tell to my Cost,
Tho' but my self none can be blamed:
If then your Fortune you respect,
Take the Occasion when it offers;
Nor a true Lover's Suit neglect,
Lest ye be scoff'd for being Scoffers.

24 *The Merry Musician; or*

I, by his fond Expressions thought,
 That in his Love he'd ne'er prove changing;
 But now, alas! 'tis turn'd to nought,
 And, past my Hopes, he's gone a ranging.
 Dear Maidens, then take my Advice)
 And let not Coyness prove your Ruin;
 For if ye be o'er foolish nice,
 Your Suitors will give over wooing.

Then Maidens Old you nam'd will be,
 And in that fretful Rank be number'd
 As long as Life; and when ye die,
 With leading Apes be ever cumber'd:
 A Punishment, and hated Brand
 With which none of us are contented;
 Then be not wise behind the Hand,
 That the Mistake may be prevented.

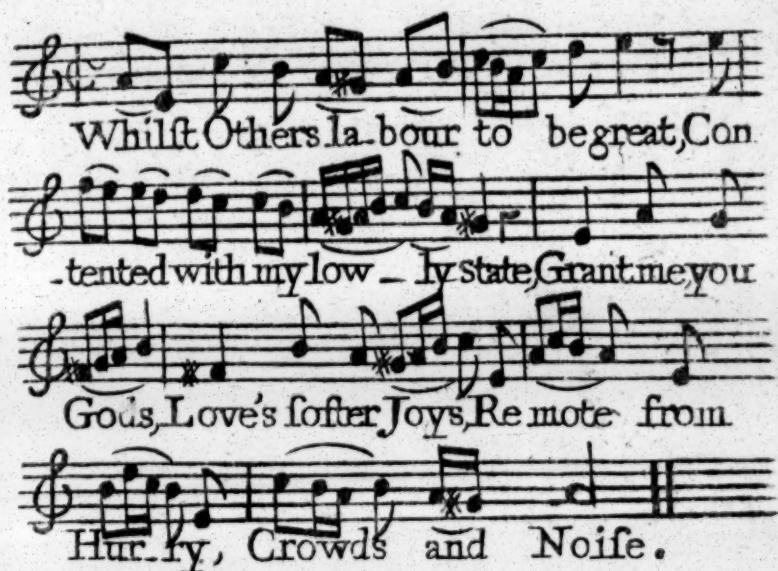
For the Flute.



A Cure for the Spleen

25

Set by MR. N. HAYM.



Whilst Others labour to be great, Con-
-tented with my low - ly state, Grant me your
Gods, Love's softer Joys, Re mote from
Hur-ry, Crowds and Noise.

This block contains the first system of a musical score. It features a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in a cursive, handwritten style. The lyrics are printed below the staff, aligned with the notes. The system ends with a double bar line.

Riches and Titles give else where,
To those that think them worth their Care;
Divide, howe'er you please the Ball;
Give me but *Flora*, I have all.

For the Flute.



This block contains the second system of a musical score, specifically for the flute. It consists of three staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The notation is in a cursive, handwritten style. The system ends with a double bar line.

26 *The Merry Musician; or*

In Praise of CLARET

The musical score is written on ten staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in a single voice line. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words appearing above the notes for better fit. The score includes a variety of note values, including eighth, quarter, and half notes, as well as rests. There are several repeat signs (double dots) and a final double bar line at the end of the piece.

In spite of Love, at length I find A
Mistress that can please me: Her Humour
free and unconfin'd, Both Night and
Day she'll ease me: No jealous Thoughts di-
sturb my Mind, Tho she's enjoy'd by
all Mankind; Then drink and never
spare it, 'Tis a Bottle of good Claret.

Chorus. *Then Drink &c.*

If you, thro' all her naked Charms,
Her little Mouth discover,
Then take her blushing to your Arms;
And use her like a Lover;
Such Liquor she'll distill from thence,
As will transport your ravish'd Sense:
Then kiss, and never spare it,
Tis a Bottle of good Claret.
Chor. *Then kiss &c.*

But best of all! she has no Tongue,
Submissive she obeys me;
She's fully better old than young,
And still to Smiling sways me;
Her skin is smooth, Complexion black,
And has a most delicious Smack;
Then kiss and never spare it,
Tis a Bottle of good Claret.
Chor. *Then kiss &c.*

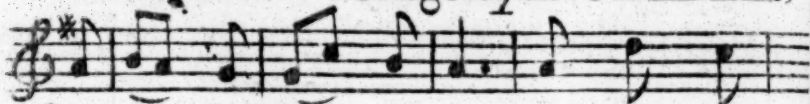
If you her Excellence would taste,
Be sure you use her kind, Sir,
Clap your Hand about her Waste,
And raise her up behind; Sir;
As for her Bottom never doubt,
Push but home, and you'll find it out;
Then drink, and never spare it,
Tis a Bottle of good Claret.
Chor. *Then Drink &c.*

The Merry Musician; or

The Words by M^r Torkinton set by M^r Gouge



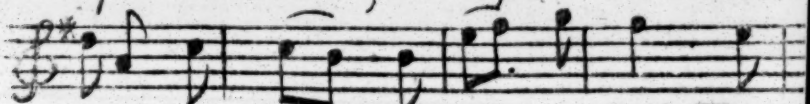
Would Heav'n indulge my love sick Mind,



And make my Joys compleat; Let me my



Myra's Favour find, And lay me at her Feet.



If the dear Nymph but on me smile, Then



Fate may do its worst: While she is kind, I fear



no Ill; I ne'er can be ac- curst.

With her I cou'd for ever dwell,

There's Heav'n within her Arms;

But, absent from her, I'm in Hell;

Dire Grief my Soul alarms:

I rave, I burn, I pine, I dye,

Nought can my Heart relieve;

But at her Sight my Sorrows fly,

Her Presence bids me live.

A Cure for the Spleen.

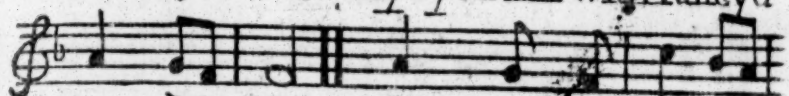
2

To a JEALOUS HUSBAND

By M^r. Concanen Set by M^r. Galiard.



Tell me, *Sileno*, why you fill with fancy'd



Woes your Life! Why's all your time ex-



-pended still In Thinking, or in Talking



ill, Of your too virtuous Wife!

For, faith, I can't see to what End

You keep her up so close:

Nor how you cou'd your self offend

That like a Snail, my gloomy Friend,

You never leave your House.

Ah! Were she but advis'd by me,

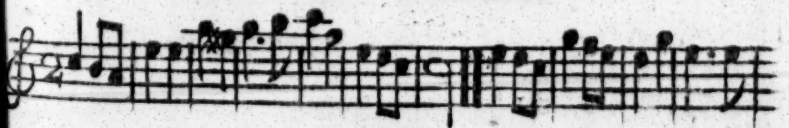
Her many Taunts and Scorns

With Int'rest shou'd refunded be

She'd make a perfect Snail of thee,

By decking thee with Horns.

For the FLUTE



30 *The Merry Musician; or*

CELADON'S JUGG Set by
M^r Green.



When Celadon first from his Cottage did



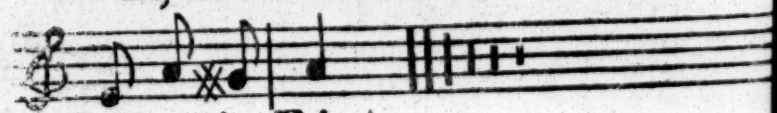
stray, To court his dear Jugg, on a Hillock of



Hay; What awkward Confusion oppress^e y^e poor



Swain, When thus he deliver'd his



Passion in Pain!

O Joy of my Heart, and Delight of my Eyes
Sweet Jugg, tis for thee faithful Celadon dies;
My Pipe I've forsaken, tho reckon'd so sweet,
And sleeping, and waking, thy Name I repeat,

When Swains to an Alehouse by force do me h
Instead of a Pitcher, I call for a Jugg;

And sure you can't chide at repeating your Name,
When the Nightingale every Night does y^e same.

Sweet Jugg he a hundred times o'er does repeat
Which makes People say y^t his Voice is so sweet:
Oh why can you laugh at my sorrowful Tale:
Too well I'm assur'd that my Words won't prevail

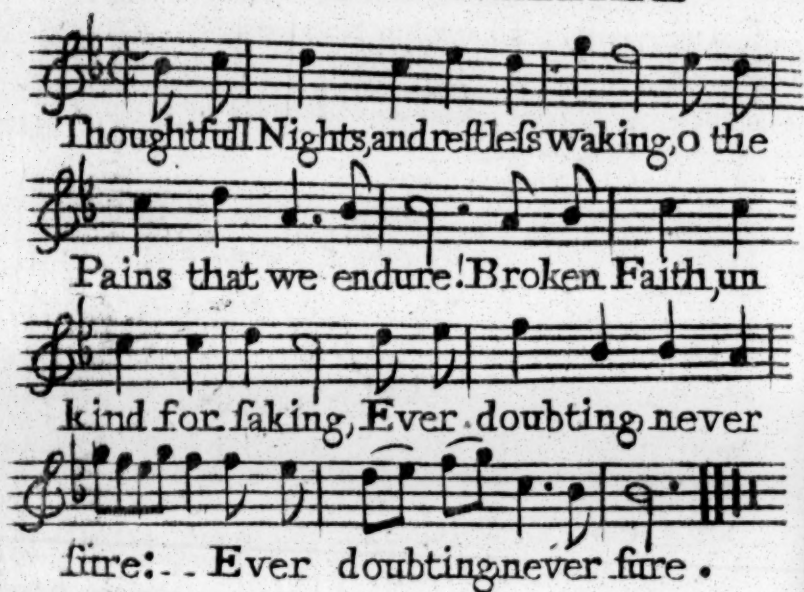
For Roger the Thatcher possesses thy Breast,
As he at the last Harvest Supper confess'd;
Down it, says Jugg, he has gotten my Heart,
His long curling Hair is so pretty and smart.

His Eyes are so black and his Cheeks are so red,
They prevail more with me, than all you have said;
So you court me, and kiss me, and do what you can,
Will signifie nothing for Roger's the Man.

For the Flute



32 *The Merry Musician; or*
The LOVER'S WARFARE



Thoughtfull Nights, and restless waking, O the
Pains that we endure! Broken Faith, un-
kind for saking, Ever doubting, never
sure: . . Ever doubting, never sure .

Hopes deceiving, vain Endeavours;
What a Race has Love to run,
False Protesting, fleeting Favours;
Every, every way undone:
Every, every way undone.

Still complaining, and defending,
Each to love, yet ne'er agree;
Fears tormenting Passion rending;
O the Racks of Jealousy!
O the Racks of Jealousy!

From such painful ways of Living,
Ah! how sweet, cou'd Love be free;
Still presenting, still receiving,
Fierce, immortal Ecstasie:
Fierce immortal Ecstasie.

A Cure for the Spleen. 33

The Cure of Folly Set by N. Haym



When Passions, ungovern'd by Reason
and Art, And Joys, in I-de-a transported
my Heart, O how I de-light-ed in lonely
Retreats! Where Love and the Muses had
Cho-sen their Seats.

There oft was I wont the long Day to Consume,
In wishing and promising Pleasures to come:
But Wishes, and Promises then were in vain;
For Youth was to me the sad Season of Pain.

Afflicted with Sorrows of various Sort,
I hated Diversions and irksome grew Sport
The only poor Solace my Life cou'd Possess
Was Imaginations and Dreams of Success.

Sometimes to alleviate the Weight of my Woe,
 I sipp'd of the Streams that from Helicon flow:
 But Musick and Poetry soften'd my Heart,
 Could never content, and but seldom divert.

O'erwhelm'd with Distresses, & nigh to Despair,
 I, Resolute, travell'd to breathe a new Air;
 In search of Relief to my turbulent Mind,
 Left Kindred, and Country, and Business behind.

But, ah! could a Stranger, unfriended and poor,
 Expect what he sought for wou'd come in an Hour?
 Improv'd was my Anguish, redoubled my Pain,
 And trav'ling, like all other Comforts prov'd vain.

Yet patient and wiser I grew by Degrees,
 And learnt due Submission t' eternal Decrees:
 My Passions Subjected to Reason's Controul,
 I found Satisfaction break in on my Soul.

And, first, to my wish, did I meet with a Friend,
 Who knew the World well, and right Counsel cou'd
 Brave, gen'rous and witty, good-humour'd and free
 Just, prudent, polite, and obliging to me.

A Cure for the Spleen 35

In his Conversation, I sensibly found
My Sufferings with Portion of Happiness crown'd
Oh! thought I, now nothing remains to compleat
My Bliss, but a Nymph, soft, gay, and Discreet

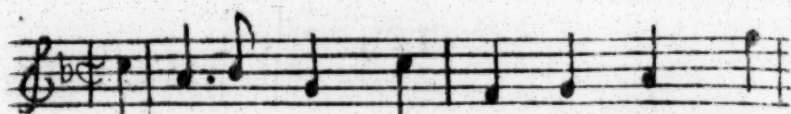
I found one with Beauty, Good humour and Wit,
Whose Manners and Conduct my Fancy did fit;
The least of her Sex by Folly Mis-led,
The kindest Companion, and true to my Bed.

What, more, that I wish'd for, remains unbestow'd,
But Fame, and a Fortune above the dull Crowd?
They are granted, and nothing is now to be done,
But to make a right Use of the Happiness won.

Then far from the Town, and the Court I'll repair,
Accompany'd with my dear Friend and my Fair;
My last Scene of Life in Sweet Solitude lay,
Prepare for next World, and Steal gently away.



36 *The Merry Musician; or*
The Invocation Written by a Lady



Ye Virgin Pow'rs, de fend my Heart from



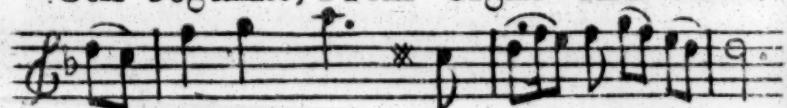
am'rous Looks and Smiles, from Sawcy



Love, or ni cer Art, Which most our



Sex beguiles; From Sighs and Vows



from awful Fears, That do to Pity move;



From speaking Silence, and from Tears,



Those Springs that wa ter Love.

But if through Passion I grow blind,

Let Honour be my Guide;

And when frail Nature Seems inclin'd,

There place a Guard of Pride.

An Heart whose Flames are seen, tho' pure

Needs ev'ry Virtue's Aid;

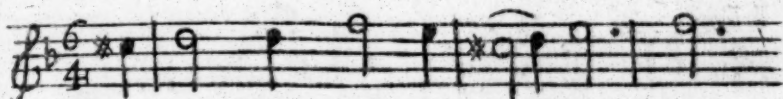
And she who thinks herself Secure,

The soonest is Betray'd.

A Cure for the Spleen.

37

Sung in the Play call'd Wit without Money.



There was three lads in our Town, Slow.



Men of London! they courted a Widow was bon-



-ny & Brown, & yet they left her undone.

They went to work without their Tools;
Slow Men of London!

The Widow she sent them away like Fools,
Because they left her undone.

They often tasted this Widow's Chear;
Slow Men of London!

But yet the Widow was never the near,
For still they left her undone.

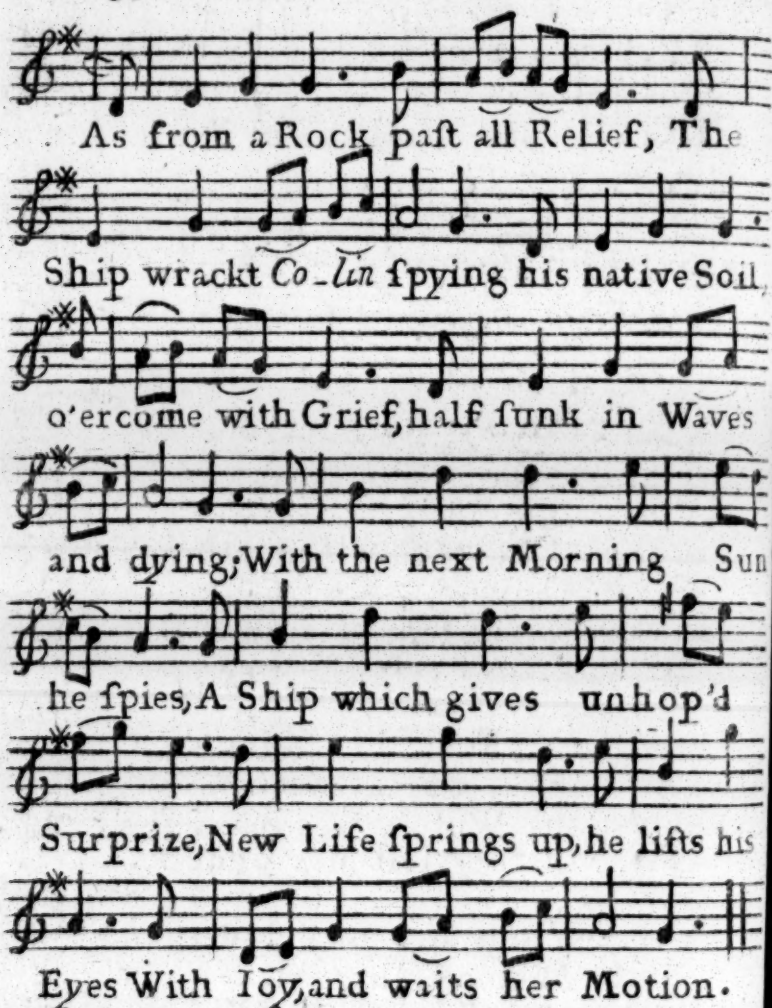
Blow, ye Winds; and come down, Rain;
Slow Men of London!

They never shall wooe this Widow again,
Because they left her undone.



38. *The Merry Musician; or*

Peggy I must love thee



As from a Rock past all Relief, The
 Ship wrackt Co-*lin* spying his native Soil,
 o'ercome with Grief, half sunk in Waves
 and dying; With the next Morning Sun
 he spies, A Ship which gives unhop'd
 Surprize, New Life springs up, he lifts his
 Eyes With Joy, and waits her Motion.

So when by her, whom long I lov'd,
 I scorn'd was, and deserted,
 Low with Despair my Spirits mov'd,
 To be for ever parted:
 Thus droopt I, till diviner Grace
 I found in Peggy's Mind and Face,
 Ingratitude appear'd then base,
 But Virtue more engaging.
 VOL II.

Then now since happily I've hit,
I'll have no more delaving,
Let Beauty yield to Manly Wit,
We lose our selves in staying;
I'll haste dull Courtship to a Close,
Since Marriage can my Fears oppose,
Why shou'd we happy Minutes lose,
Since, *Peggy*, I must love thee.

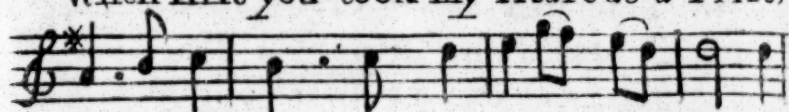
Men may be foolish, if they please,
And deem't a Lover's Duty
To sigh, and sacrifice their Ease,
Doating on a proud Beauty:
Such was my Case for many a Year,
Still Hope succeeding to my Fear;
False *Betty's* Charms now disappear,
Since *Peggy's* far outshine them.



The Merry Musician; or
The Complaint.



When first you took my Heart as a Prize,



Due to the Pow'r of your conqu'ring Eyes, If



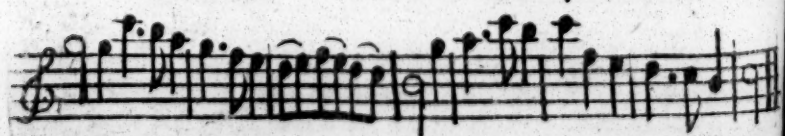
ever I thought my Cap-ti-yi-ty sweet, Twas



when you allow'd me to lye at your Feet.

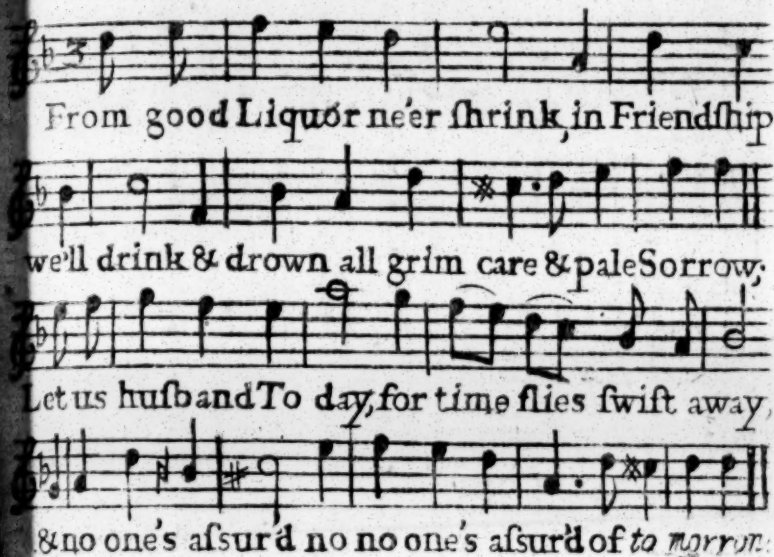
But now so ungrateful you are grown,
All my kind Services you disown:
And when that I ask you to lengthen my Chain,
You always answer me, Love has no Pain.

Oh, did you know but the Pain I endure,
Sure you would never deny me the Cure;
But since it is so, I must hope for no Ease,
Since my Physician won't know my Disease.



A Cure for the Spleen. 41

Chanson a Boire Set by
Mr LEVERIDGE

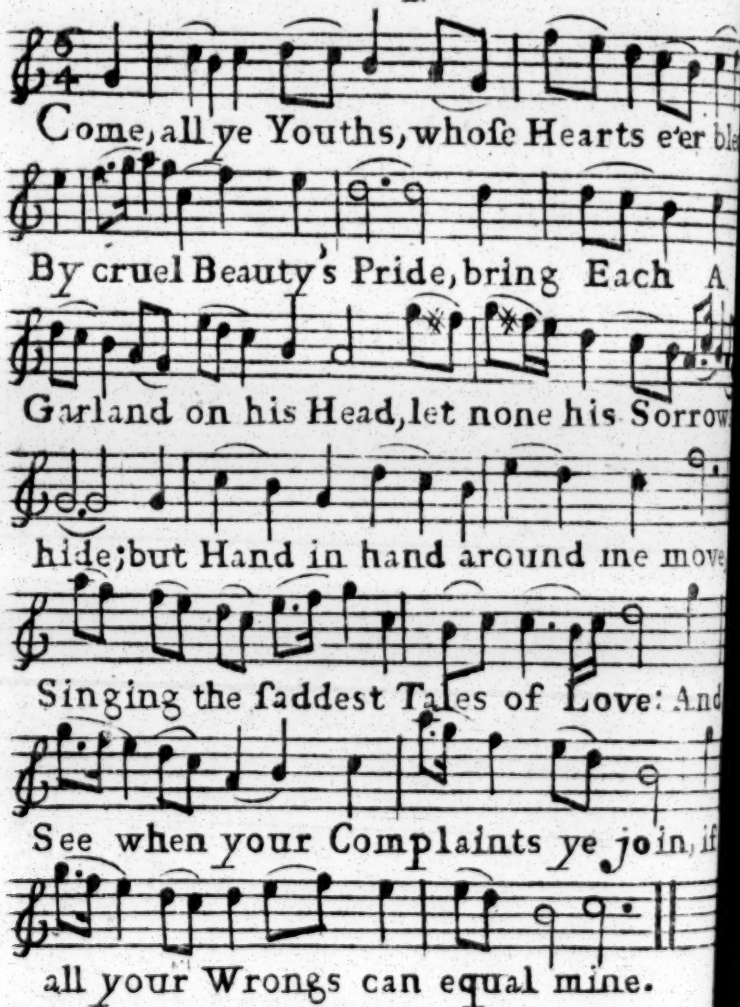


From good Liquor ne'er shrink, in Friendship
we'll drink & drown all grim care & pale Sorrow;
Let us husband To day, for time flies swift away,
& no one's assur'd no no one's assur'd of to morrow.

Of all the grave Sages
That grac'd the past Ages,
Did Noah the most did excel:
He first planted the Vine,
First tasted the Wine,
And got nobly drunk, and got nobly drunk,
As they tell.

Say, why should not we
Get as bosky as he,
Since here's Liquor as well will inspire?
Thus I fill up my Glass
I'll see that it pass,
To the Manes, to the Manes, of that good
Old Sire.

42 *The Merry Musicians; or*
Castalio's Complaint



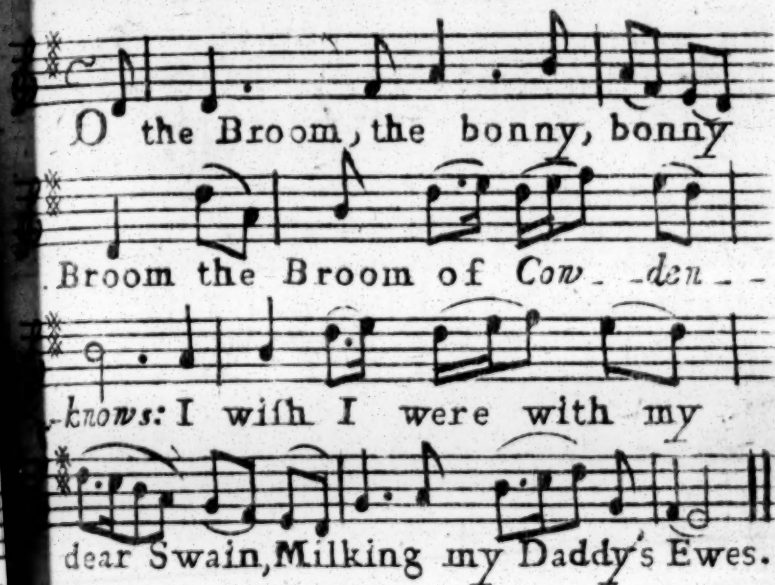
The musical score is written on ten staves, each with a treble clef and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some staves featuring triplets. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with some words appearing above the notes for better fit.

Come, all ye Youths, whose Hearts e'er ble
By cruel Beauty's Pride, bring Each A
Garland on his Head, let none his Sorrow
hide; but Hand in hand around me move
Singing the saddest Tales of Love: And
See when your Complaints ye join, if
all your Wrongs can equal mine.

The happiest Mortal once was I,
My Heart no Sorrows knew;
Pity the Pain with which I dye,
But ask not whence it grew.
Yet if a tempting Fair you find,
That's very lovely, very kind,
Though bright as Heaven whose stamp she
Think of my Fate, and then her Smiles

A Cure for the Spleen. 43

Scotch SONG call'd O the Broom



O the Broom, the bonny, bonny
Broom the Broom of Cow - den -
knows: I wish I were with my
dear Swain, Milking my Daddy's Ewes.

How blith ilk Morn was I to see
The Swain come o'er the Hill!
He leap'd the Brook, and flew to me:
I met him with good will.

He tund his Pipe and Reed fae sweet,
The Burds sat listning by:
E'en the dull Cattle stood and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his Melody.

I neither wanted Ew nor Lamb,
While his Flock near me lay:
He gather'd in my Sheep at Een,
And Chear'd me à the Day.

He did Oblige me ev'ry Hour,
 Could I but thankful be?
 He staw my Heart, could I refuse
 Whate'er he ask'd of me?

While thus we spent our Time by turns
 Betwixt our Flocks and Play;
 I envyd not the fairest Dame,
 Tho' ne'er sae rich and gay.

Hard Fate that I should banish'd be,
 Gang heavily and mourn,
 Because I lov'd the kindest Swain
 That ever yet was born.

Adieu, ye Cowdenknows, adieu,
 Farewel a' Pleasures there;
 Ye Gods, restore to me my Swain,
 Is a' I crave or care

FLUTE

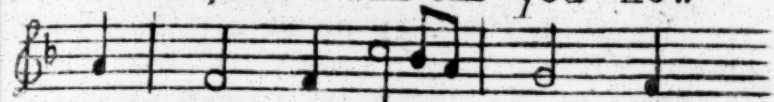


A Cure for the Spleen. 45

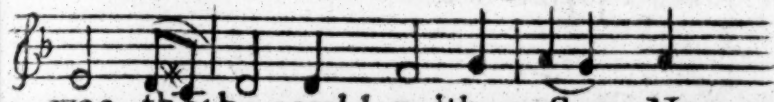
Scotch Wedding



Harken, and I will tell you how



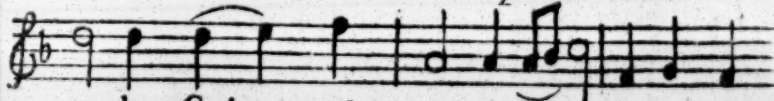
Young Muirland Willie Came To



woo, tho' he could neither Say Nor



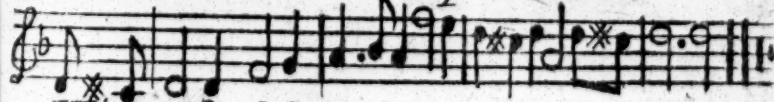
do; The Truth I tell to you. But



ay he Cries, whate'er betide, *Maggie* I'll



Ha'e her to be My Bride,



With a fa la &c.

On his gray Yod as he did ride,
With Durk and Pistol by his Side,
He prick'd her on wi' meikle Pride,

Wi' meikle Mirth and Glee:

Out o'er yon Moss, out o'er yon Mure,
Till he came to her Dady's Door.

With a fa la &c

40 *The Merry Musician; or*

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,
I'm come your Doghter's Love to win,
I care no for making meikle Din,
What Answer gi' ye me?

Now, Woer, quoth he, wou'd ye light down,
I'll gie ye my Doghter's Love to win,
With a *fa, lal, & c.*

Now, Woer, since ye are lighted down,
Where do ye win, or in what Town,
I think my Doghter's winna gloon
On sic a Lad as ye.
The Woer he stept up to the House,
And Wow but he was wond'rous crouse,
With a *fa, lal, & c.*

I have three Owfen in a Plough,
Twa good ga'n Yads, and Gear enough,
The place they ca' it *Cadeneugh*;
I scorn to tell a Lie:
Besides, I had frae thee great Laird,
A Peat-pat and a Lang-kail Yard,
With a *fa, lal, & c.*

The Maid pat on her Kirtle brown,
She was the brawest in a' the Town;
I wat on him she did na gloon,
But blinkit bonnilie.
The Lover he stended up in Haste,
And gript her hard about the Waste,
With a *fa, lal, & c.*

A Cure for the Spleen. 47

To win your Love, Maid, I'm come here,
I'm young, and hae enough o' Gear,
And for my fell ye need na fear,

Troth, try me whan ye like.

He took aff his Bonne & spat in his Chew,
He dighted his Gab, and he prid her Mou,
With a fa, la, & c.

The Maiden blusht, and bing'd fur' law,
She had na will to say him na,
But to her Dady she left it a

As they twa cou'd agree.

The Lover ee ga'e her the tither Kifs,
Synne ran to her Dady and tell'd him this,
With a fa, la, & c.

Your Doghter wad na say me na,
But to your fell she has left it a,
As we cou'd gree between us twa,

Say what'll ye gi' me wi' her?

Now, Woer, quo' he, I ha'e nae meikle,
But sick's I ha'e ye's get a Pickle,
With a fa, la, & c.

A Kilnsu' of Corn I'll gire to thee,
Three Soums of Sheep, twa good Milk Ky,
Ye's ha'e the Wadding Dinner free,

Troth I dow do na mair

Content, quoth he, a Bargain bet,
I'm far frae hame make haste let's do't,
With a fa, la, & c.

The Bridal Day it came to pass,
 Wi' mony blythsome Lad and Lads;
 But sicken a Day there never was,
 Sic Mirth was never seen.
 This winsom Couple straked Hands,
 Mifs Iohn ty'd up the Marriage Bands,
With a fa la! & c.

And our Bride's Maidens were na few
 Wi' Tap knots, Lug-knots a'in blew,
 Frae Tap to Tae they were braw new,
 And blinked bonnilie
 Their Toys and Mutches were fae clean,
 They glanced in our Lad'ses Een,
With a fa la! & c.

Sick Hirdum, Dirdum, and sick Din,
 Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him,
 The Minstrels they did never blin,
 Wi' meikle Mirth and Glee.
 And ay they bobit and ay they beckt,
 And ay their Wames together met,
With a fa la! & c.

FLUTE



A Cure for the Spleen. 49

The Advice.

By M^r. Concanen. Set by M^r. Galliard.



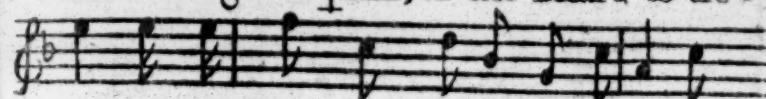
The Lass, that would know how to manage a



Man, Let her listen, and learn it from me:



His Courage to quail, or his Heart, to tre -



pan, As the Time and Occasions agree, a -



gree; As the Time and Occasions agree.

The Girl that has Beauty, tho' small be her Wit,

May wheedle the Clown, or the Beau;

The Rake may repel, or may draw in the Cit,

By the Use of that pretty Word... No:

By the Use of that pretty Word... No.

When ^ey powder'd Toupées in Crowds round her
(chat,

Each striving his Passion to show;

With - Kifs me, and love me, my Dear, and all that,

Let her Answer be still, No, no, no:

Let her Answer be still, No, no, no.

When a Dose is contriv'd, to lay Virtue a sleep,
 A Present, a Treat, or a Ball;
 She still must refuse, if her Empire she'd keep,
 And, No, be her Answer to all.
 And, No, be her Answer to all.

But when Master *Dapperwit* offers his Hand,
 Her Partner in Wedlock to go;
 A House, and a Coach, and a Jointure in Land ...
 She's an Ideot, if then she says No:
 She's an Ideot, if then she says No.

Whene'er she's attack'd by a Youth, full of Charms,
 Whose Courtship proclaims him a Man;
 When press'd to his Bosom, and clasp'd in his Arms,
 Then let her say No, if she can:
 Then let her say No, if she can.

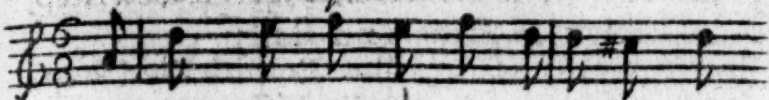
For the FLUTE.



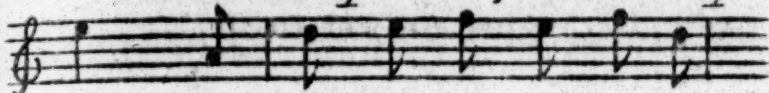
A Cure for the Spleen. 51

A Love Song.

The Words by M^r. Concanen.



I love thee by Heaven; I cannot say



more; Then set not my Passion a



cooling; If thou yield'st not at once, I must



e'en give thee o'er; for I'm but a



Novice at Fooling.

Deeds,

What my Love wants in Words, it shall make up in

Then why shou'd we waste Time in Stuff, Child?

A Performance, you wot well, a Promise exceeds

And a Word to the Wise is enough, Child.

I know how to love, and to make that Love known

But I hate all Protesting and Arguing:

Had a Goddess my Heart, she shou'd e'en lie alone,

If she made many Words to a Bargain.

52 *The Merry Musician; or*

I'm a Quaker in Love, and but barely affirm
Whate'er my fond Eyes have been saying;
Pr'ythee be thou so too, seek for no better Term,
But e'en throw thy Yea, or thy Nay in.

I cannot bear Love, like a *Chancery-Suit*,
The Age of a Patriarch depending;
Then pluck up a Spirit, no longer be mute,
Give it, one way or other, an Ending.

Long Courtship's the Vice of a Phlegmatick Fool;
Like the Grace of Fanatical Simmers,
Where^e Stomachs are lost, and^e Victuals grow cool,
Before Men sit down to their Dinners.

For the FLUTE.



A Cure for the Spleen. 53

To Flora drest.

Words by M^r Baker. Set by M^r Tenoe.



Why art thou drest, my lovely Maid! In



Gold, and Gems, and rich Brocade, When



Gold and Gems, and rich Brocade, Conceal thy



Charms, my lovely Maid! Why spend'st thou



all this Time and Care, To form thy Shape, to



fold thy Hair? Thy Shape unbrac'd, thy



flowing Hair, More beauteous are with -



out thy Care.

54 *The Merry Musician; or*

Wou'd'st thou, indeed, be finely drest?
 Put by this Robe which hides thy Breast:
 Unbind thy Hair, and bare thy Breast,
 Thou art, my Charmer! finely drest.
 Remove these Vestments all away,
 Which like dark Clouds obscure the Day:
 O! let them not obscure thy Day:
 Remove them all, my Fair! away.

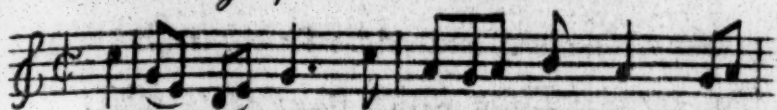
Then shining forth adorn'd with Charms,
 Ah! let me fold thee in my Arms!
 Transported, fold thee in my Arms!
 And gaze and wonder at thy Charms.

For the FLUTE.



A Cure for the Spleen. 55

The Parting of DELIA and DAMON.



Adieu, ye pleasant Sports and plays, Fare-



wel each Song that was diverting; Love



tunes my Pipe to mournful Lays, I sing of



Delia and Damon's Parting. Long had he



lov'd, and long conceal'd, The dear tor-



menting pleasing Passion, 'Till *Delia's*



Mildness had prevail'd On him to



shew his Inclination.

Just as the Fair One seem'd to give
A Patient Ear to his Love Story,
Damon must his lov'd *Delia* leave,
To go in Quest of toilsome Glory.

56 *The Merry Musicians or*

Half-spoken Words hung on his Tongue,
 Their Eyes refus'd their usual Meeting;
 And Sighs supply'd their wonted Song,
 These charming Sounds were chang'd to Weeping.

Dear Idol of my Soul, adieu;
 Cease to lament, but ne'er to love me:
 While *Damon* lives, he lives for you.
 No other Charms shall ever move me.
 Alas! who knows, when parted far
 From *Delia*, but you may deceive her.
 The Thought destroys my Heart with Care,
 Adieu, my Dear, I fear for ever.

If ever I forget my Vows,
 May then my Guardian Angel leave me:
 And more to aggravate my Woes,
 Be you so good as to forgive me.

For the FLUTE.



A Cure for the Spleen.

57

Sung in Love and a Bottle.



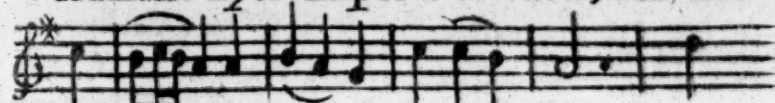
How blest are Lovers in - Disguise! Like



Gods, they see, As I do thee, Unseen - by



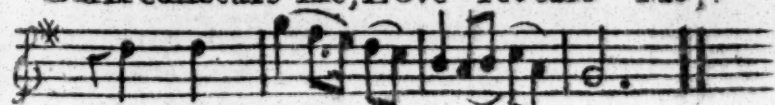
Humane Eyes. Expos'd to View, I'm hid



from You, I'm alter'd, yet the same. the



Dark conceals me, Love reveals Me;



Love, which lights me by its Flame.

Were you not false, you me wou'd know,

For tho' your Eyes

Cou'd not devise,

Your Heart had told you so:

Your Heart wou'd beat

With eager Heat;

And me by Sympathy wou'd find:

True Love might see

One chang'd like me;

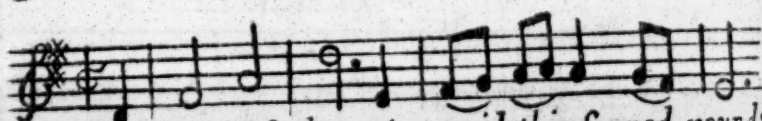
False love is only blind.

58 *The Merry Musician; or*

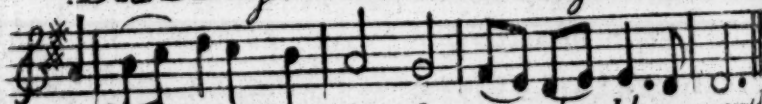
FLUTE



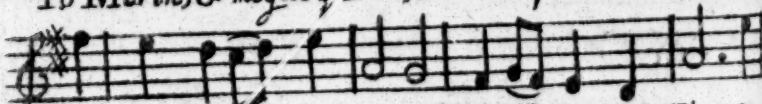
The Invitation. By M^r Theobald.



Dull Bus'ness, hence! a.. void this sacred round:



To Mirth, & mighty Love, let ev'ry bowl be crown'd.



The sparkling Nectar see, It fans & Lover's Fire; &



emulates those Smiles its sprightly Draughts inspire



The generous Juice who scorns & wears a sullen brow, still



let his Mistress frown, & he no Pleasures know!

To Chloë's Name let's consecrate the Glass;
Chloe shall make each Round with livelier Transport
Pass:

What tho' the Brain should rock, & swimming eyes should
rowl;

Love, mighty love, does more; Intoxicates the Soul.
Then, like true Sons of Ioy, let's laugh at y^e Precise:
When Wisdom grows austere; tis Folly to be wise.

This 'tis to live; thus Time is nobly lost:
To drink, & love, is all dull man from life can boast.
Thou Fiend, Reflection, hence! Mirth shall not be allay'd,
Tho' less'ning Tapers waste & y^e pale Stars should fade.
No matter when y^e Morn, or brighter Phæbus, rise;
The Morn's in Chloe's Cheek, & Phæbus in her Eyes

FLUTE



60 *The Merry Musician; or*

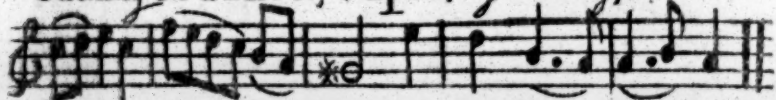
Cupid mistaken the words by Mr Prior



As after Noon, one Summer's Day, Venus stood



bathing in a River, Cupid, a shooting, went that



way, new strung his Bow, new fill'd his Quivre.

With Skill he Chose his sharpest Dart:

With all his Might his Bow he drew.

Swift to his beauteous Parent's Heart

The too well-guided Arrow flew.

I faint! I die! the Goddess cry'd.

O cruel, could'st thou find none other

To wreck thy Spleen on? Parricide!

Like Nero, thou hast slain thy Mother.

Poor Cupid, sobbing, scarce could speak,

Indeed, Mamma, I did not know Ye:

Alas! how easie my Mistake?

I took you for your Likeness, Chloe

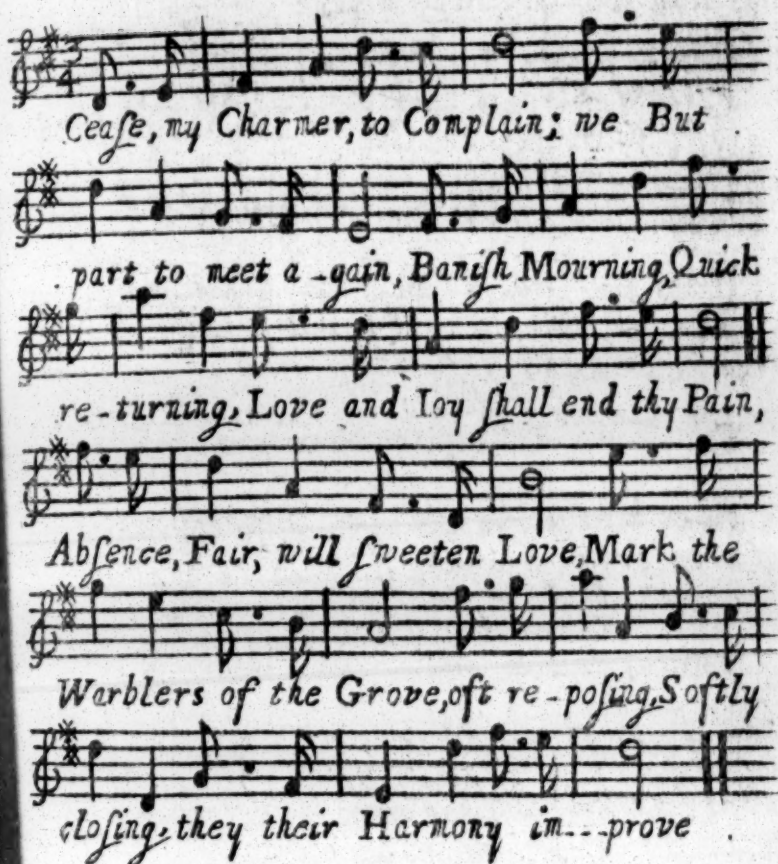
FLUTE



A Cure for the Spleen.

61

The Relenting Lover. Set by
M^r. Galliard.



Cease, my Charmer, to Complain; we But
part to meet a - gain, Banish Mourning, Quick
re - turning, Love and Joy shall end thy Pain,
Absence, Fair, will sweeten Love, Mark the
Warblers of the Grove, oft re - posing, Softly
closing, they their Harmony im - prove

Fame and Honour bid me go,
What, alas! then shall I do,
Can I grieve her?
Shall I leave her?
Love, and Beauty, answer No,

Since my Fair will have me stay,
Let me kiss those Tears away,
Fame desying,
Honour flying,
Love, and her, I must obey.

62 *The Merry Musician; or*
A Pastoral Courtship) to y^e foregoing Tune

Gentle Zephyrs, silent Glades,
Purling Streams, and cooling Shades,
Senses pleasing,
Pains appeasing,
Love each tender Breast invades.

Here the Graces Beauties bring,
Here the Warbling Choirists sing,
Love inspiring,
All desiring
To adorn the infant Spring.

Here behold the am'rous Swains,
Free from Anguish, free from Pains,
Nymphs complying,
Cares beguiling,
Venus, smiling, glads the Plains.

Let us not, too Charming Fair,
Be the only hapless Pair:
Oh relieve me;
Cease to grieve me;
Ease your anxious Lover's Care.

Kindly here indulge my Love;
This is, my Dear, no tell-tale Grove;
Not revealing,
But concealing;
All to Love propitious prove.

In thy Air, and charming Face,
Dwells an irresistible Grace;
Ever charming,
Love alarming,
To pursue the blissfull Chace.

A Cure for the Spleen. 63

Let me touch this panting Breast;
Here for ever let me rest;

Bliss enjoying,

Never doying,

Ever loving ever blest.

Flute



The Power of Love Set by M^r. Galliard



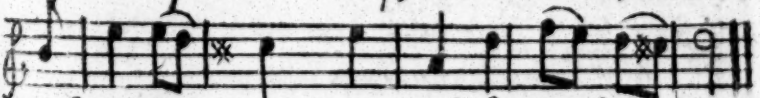
At dead of Night, when wrapt in Sleep



The peaceful Cot-tage lay, Pa-sto-ra



left her folded Sheep, her Garland, Crook,



and useless Scrip; Love led y^e Nymph a-stray.

Loose, and undress'd she takes her Flight

To a Near Myrtle Shade;

The conscious Moon gave all her Light,

To bless her ravish'd Lover's Sight,

And guide the Loving Maid.

64 *The Merry Musician; or*

His eager Arms the Nymph embrace,
 And, to assuage his Pain,
 His restless Passion he obeys;
 At such an Hour, in such a Place,
 What Lover cou'd contain?

In vain she call'd the conscious Moon,
 The Moon no Succour gave:
 The cruel Stars unmov'd, look'd on,
 And seem'd to smile at what was done,
 Nor wou'd her Honour save.

Vanquish'd at last, by pow'rful Love,
 The Nymph expiring lay;
 No more she sigh'd, no more she strove,
 Since no kind Stars were found above,
 She blush'd, and dy'd away,

Yet blest the Grove, her Conscious Flight,
 And Youth, that did betray,
 And panting, dying with Delight,
 She blest the kind transporting Night
 And curs'd approaching Day.



ROSALIND'S COMPLAINT.

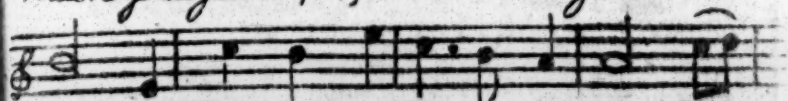
BY MR. BAKER.



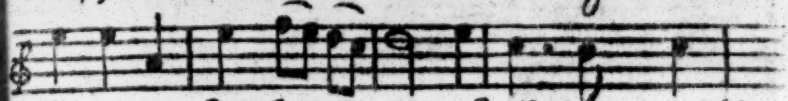
On the Bank of a River so deep, whose



Waters glide silently on, sad Rosalind sat down to



weep, For Damon her Lover was gone: The



fairest and faithfullest she, of all that tripp'd



over the Plains; But alas! the most fickle was



He, among all the Shepherds and Swains.

Down each Cheek run her Tears in a Stream:

All his Vows are forgotten! she cries;

Regarded no more than a Dream,

Tho' for Him his fond Shepherdess lies:

He's gone, the false Creature is gone,

To deceive some fresh Nymph o' the Plain,

Whose Fate will, like mine, be to moan

The Loss of a perjured Swain.

66 *The Merry Musician; or*
Beware, you bright Maidens! beware,
If my treacherous Shepherd you meet;
For, alas! he's bewitchingly fair;
When he speaks, there's no Musick so Sweet.
As the Spring he is blooming and gay,
As the Summer delightful and kind;
But believe not one word he can say,
For he's false as the wavering wind.

Foolish Maid! whilst I thought he was true,
I sent up no Look to the Skies;
All the Sunshine or Gloom that I knew,
Was the Gloom or the Shine of his Eyes.
He alone was my Joy and my Care,
I wish'd for no Heaven above;
No sorrow, no Pain, could I fear;
No Hell, but the Loss of his Love.

How fondly endearing was he,
'Till I granted whate'er he desir'd?
But, you Virgins! take warning by me,
For his Flame from that Moment expir'd:
Now I ne'er shall embrace him again,
He, ungrateful, is flown from my Arms,
Far away o'er the flowery Plain,
And despises these sullied Charms.

A Cure for the Spleen. 67

Sure the Gods have Some Vengeance in store,
For the Breach of those Vows which he made;
Tho' by him they're remember'd no more
Than the wretch who by them was betray'd.
But, forgive him you Powers above!
Tho' he's false bring no Harm on his Head;
But Crown him with Beauty and Love
Long after poor Rosalind's dead.

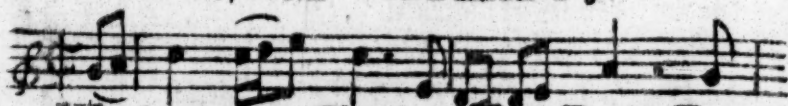
Thus she mourn'd: what a Scene all around!
The Birds flag their wings at her sighs,
The Valleys her Sorrows resound,
And the stream shews her blubbered Eyes:
All Nature takes Part in her woe,
A black Cloud o'er the Heaven is spread,
The winds have forgotten to blow
And the willows bend over her Head.

For the Flute .



68 *The Merry Musician; or*

*To a Lady who was disgusted at some words
of the Author's.*



Why hangs that Cloud upon thy Brow, That



beauteous Heav'n ere while serene! whence



do these storms and Tempests flow Or what this



Gift of Passion mean? Ah, then must Mankind



lose.. that Light, which in thine Eye was



wont to shine? and lye obscur'd in end.. less



*Night. For each poor silly Speech of mine?
Dear Child, how can I wrong thy Name,
Since 'tis acknowledg'd at all Hands,
That could ill Tongues abuse thy Fame,
Thy Beauty can make large amends!
Or if I durst prophaneely try
Thy Beauty's pow'rful Charms t'upbraid;
Ere Virtue well might give the Lie,
Nor call thy Beauty to its Aid.*

A Cure for the Spleen.

69

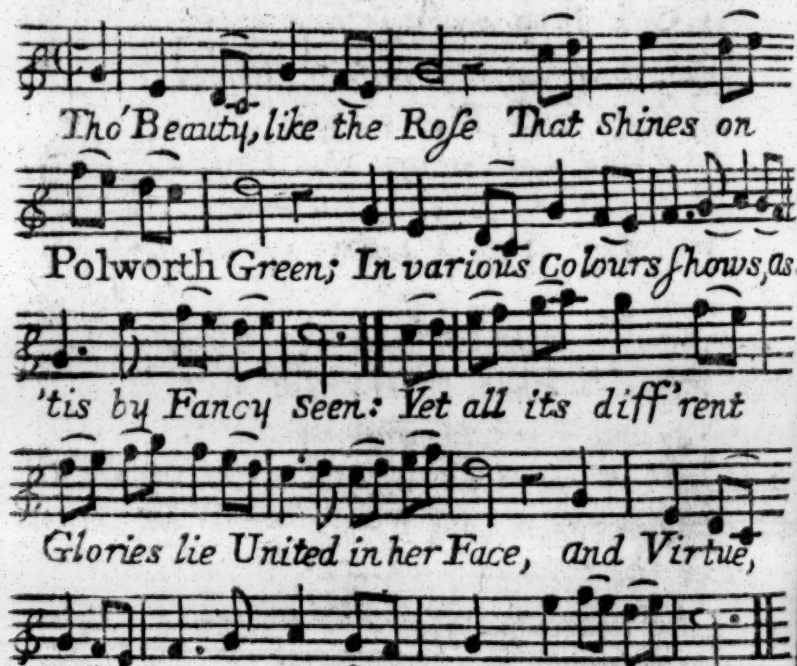
For Venus, ev'ry Heart t'ensnare,
With all her Charms has deckt thy Face;
And Pallas, with unusual Care,
Bids Wisdom heighten ev'ry Grace.
Who can the double Pain endure!
Or who must not resign the Field
To thee, Celestial Maid, secure
With Cupid's Bow, and Pallas' Shield!

If then to thee such Power is given,
Let not a Wretch in Torment live;
But smile, and learn to copy Heav'n,
Since we must sin, ere it forgive.
Let pitying Heav'n not only does
Forgive th'offender and th'offence,
But e'en Itself appeas'd bestows
As the Reward of Penitence.

For the Flute



70 *The Merry Musicians; or*
The DESCRIPTION.



Tho' Beauty, like the Rose That shines on
Polworth Green; In various Colours shows, as
'tis by Fancy seen: Yet all its diff'rent
Glories lie United in her Face, and Virtue,
like the sun on high, gives Rays to ev'ry Grace.

So charming is her Air,
So smooth, so calm her Mind,
That to some Angel's care
Each Moment seems assign'd:
But yet so careful, sprightly, gay,
The joyful moments fly;
As if for Wings they stole the Ray,
She darteth from her Eye.

Kind am'rous Cupids, while
With tuneful Voice she sings,
Perfume her Breath, and smile,
And wave their balmy Wings:

A Cure for the Spleen. 71

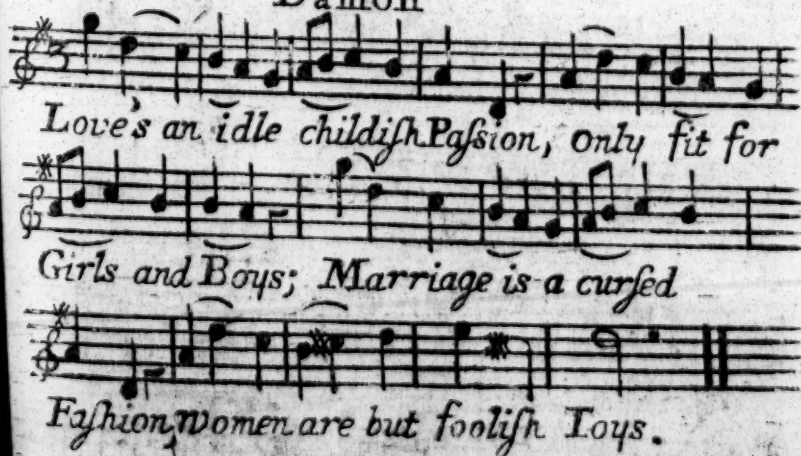
But as the tender Blythes rise,
Soft Innocence doth warm;
The Soul in blisful Ecstasies
Dissolveth in the Charm.

For the Flute



DAMON and CLOE.
Set by Mr. Burges.

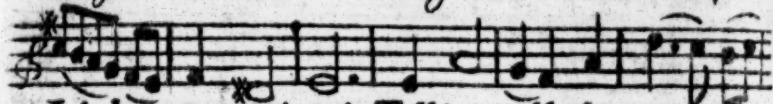
Damon



72 *The Merry Musician; or*



Spight of all the tempting Evils, still thy



Li.ber.ty maintain; Tell 'em, tell the pret.ty



Devils, Man alone was made to reign.

Cloe

Empty Boaster! know thy Duty,

Thou, who dar'st my Pow'r defy;

Feel the Force of Love and Beauty;

Tremble at my Feet, and die.

Wherefore does thy Colour leave Thee!

Why these Cares upon thy Brow?

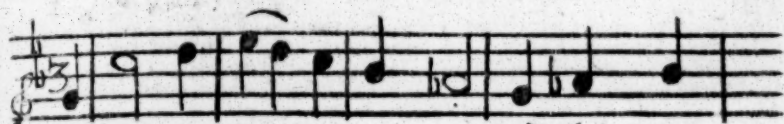
Did the Rebel Pride deceive Thee!

Ask him, who's the Monarch now.

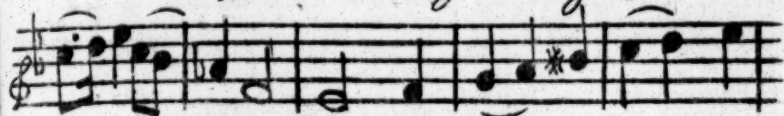
For the Flute



The LUCKY MINUTE.



As Chloris, full of harmless Thought, Be -



neath a Willow lay, Kind Love a youthful



Shepherd brought, To pass the Time away.

She blush'd to be encounter'd so,

And chid the am'rous Swain;

But, as She strove to rise and go,

He pull'd her down again.

A sudden Passion seiz'd her Heart,

In spite of her Disdain;

She felt a Pulse in ev'ry Part,

And Love in ev'ry Vein.

Oh Youth! said she, what Charms are these,

That conquer and surprize?

Oh! let me - for, unless you please,

I have no Pow'r to rise.

*She fainting spoke, and trembling lay,
For fear he shou'd comply;
Her lovely Eyes her Heart betray,
And gave her Tongue the Lie.*

*Thus She, who Princes had deny'd
With all their Pomp and Train,
Was in the lucky Minute try'd,
And yielded to the Swain.*

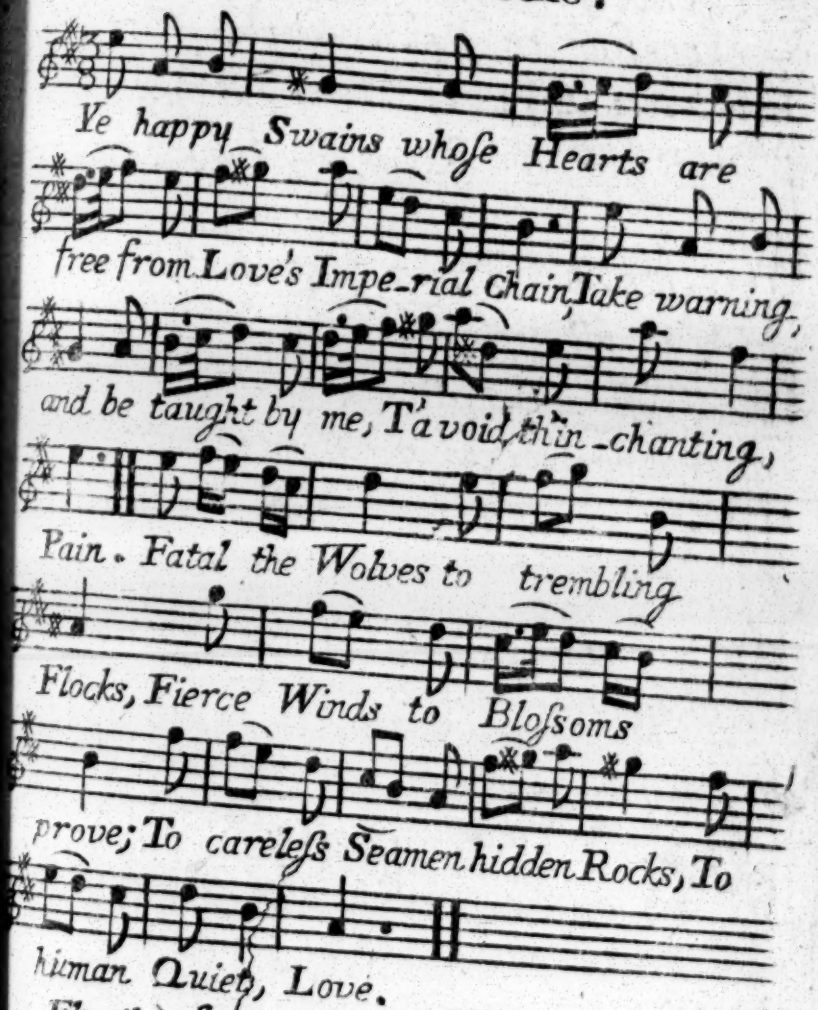
For the Flute.



A Cure for the Spleen.

75

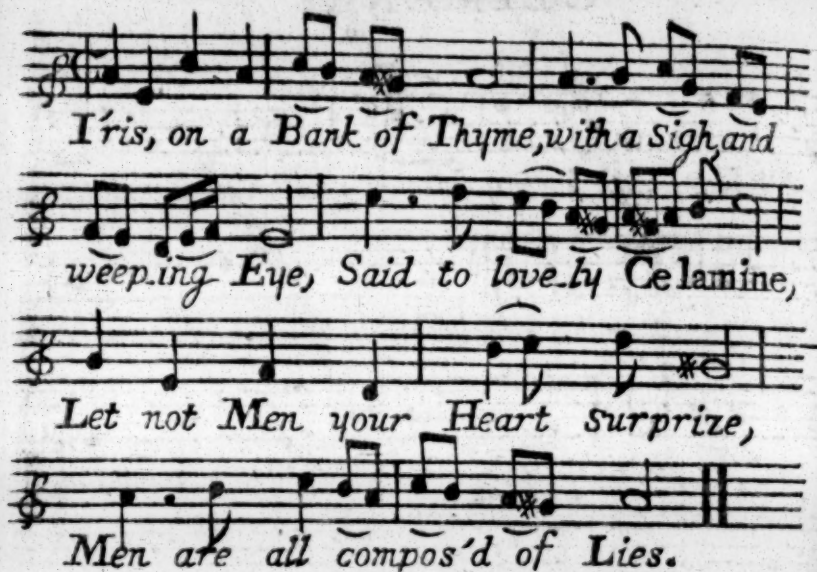
Set by Mr. Greene.



Ye happy Swains whose Hearts are
free from Love's Imperial Chain, Take warning,
and be taught by me, To avoid thin-chanting,
Pain. Fatal the Wolves to trembling
Flocks, Fierce Winds to Blossoms
prove; To careless Seamen hidden Rocks, To
human Quiet, Love.

Fly the fair, Sex if Bliss you prize;
The Snake's beneath the Flower:
Who ever gaz'd on Beauteous Eyes,
That tasted Quiet more;
How faithless is the Lovers Joy!
How constant is their Care!
The Kind with Falshood do destroy,
The Cruel with Despair.

76 *The Merry Musician; or*
IRIS'S CAUTION.

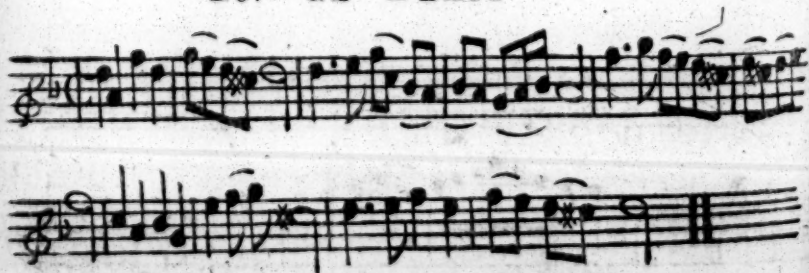


Iris, on a Bank of Thyme, with a Sigh and
weeping Eye, Said to love by Celamine,
Let not Men your Heart surprize,
Men are all compos'd of Lies.


Tho' a thousand Oaths they swear,
And as many Vows repeat;
All they swear is common Air,
All they promise, but Deceit;
Man was never constant yet.

Wisely then preserve your Heart
From the Tyranny of Fate;
For only they can act their Part,
When Love has its Return of Fate;
Then Repentance comes too late.

For the Flute



A Cure for the Spleen. 77
CLIMENE



Oh Fate, must I my Hopes resign! and will Cli
mene ne'er be mine. Why do her Charms my
Soul surprize! why does her Beauty wound my Eyes.
Each Look and Mo- tion all di- vine!



Each Grace does with - such Lu- stre shine!

In vain I strove her Charms to shun,
I found I lov'd, and was undone;
I strove to fly, but all in vain;
My Passion drove me back again.
From those bright Eyes I ne'er can part;
I wear her Image in my Heart.

For the Flute.



78 *The Merry Musician; or*
The FARMERS SON.

The musical score is written on eight staves of music. Each staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style with many eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below the staves, aligned with the notes. The lyrics are: "Sweet Nelly, my Heart's Delight, be loving, and do not Slight the Proffer I make, for Modesty's Sake; I honour your Beauty bright. For, Love, I profess, I can do no less, Thou hast my Favour won; And Since I see your Modesty, I pray agree, and fancy me, Though I'm but a Farmers Son." The score ends with a double bar line on the eighth staff.

Sweet Nelly, my Heart's Delight, be loving, and
do not Slight the Proffer I make, for Modesty's
Sake; I honour your Beauty bright. For,
Love, I profess, I can do no less, Thou hast my
Favour won; And Since I see your Mode
sty, I pray agree, and fancy me, Though
I'm but a Farmers Son.

No: I am a Lady gay;
'Tis very well known, I may.
Have men of Renown, in Country or Town:
So, Roger, without delay,
Court Bridget, or Sue, Kate, Nancy, or Prue,
VOL II.

A Cure for the Spleen. 79

Their Loves will Soon be won;
But don't you dare to Speak me fair,
As if I were at my last Prayer,
To marry a Farmer's Son.

My Father has Riches Store,
To Hundred a Year, and more;
Beside, Sheep and Cows, Carts, Harrows, and Plows,
His Age is above Threescore:
And when he does die, then merrily I
Shall have what he has won;
Both Land, and Kine, all shall be thine,
If thou'lt incline, and wilt be mine,
And marry a Farmer's Son.

A Fig for your Cattle, and Corn,
Your proffer'd Love I scorn;
As known very well, my Name is Nell,
And you're but a Bumpkin, born:
Well, since it is so, away I will go,
And I hope no Harm is done;
Farewel; adieu: I hope to wooe
As good as you, and win her too,
Though I'm but a Farmer's Son.

Be not in such Hast, quoth she,
Perhaps we may still agree;
Man, I protest, I was but in Jest;
Come, pr'ythee sit down by me,

80 *The Merry Musicians; or*

For thou art the Man, that verily can
 Perform what must be done;
 Both strait, and tall, genteel withall,
 Therefore I shall be at your Call,
 To marry a Farmer's Son.

Dear Lady, believe me now,
 I solemnly swear, and vow,
 No Lords in their Lives take Pleasure in Wives,
 Like Fellows that drive the Plow;
 For whate'er they gain, with Labour and Pain,
 They don't to Harlots run,
 As Courtiers do. I never knew
 A London Beau, that could outdo
 A Country Farmer's Son.

For the Flute



The Soldier's Glory. The Words
by Mr. Rich. Estcourt.

The musical score is written on ten staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of 6/4. The melody is written in a single line. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words underlined. The score ends with a double bar line on the tenth staff.

*Ye beauteous Ladies of this Land, who are so
wond'rous charming fair, That Foreigners do
understand You something more than Mortals are:
I mean now to lay before ye, All the Tale of a
Soldiers Glory, Th'Attacking and Hacking, and
Backing, and Thwacking of Monsieur, And
making him prove a vain Bouncer: all
this will a Soldier do for Love.*

82 *The Merry Musician; or*

A Beauteous Mistrefs is the Word,
That makes a Soldier draw his Sword;
The worst of Dangers he will prove,
To be endear'd with Nights of Love:
What did we our Blades unsheath for,
And so often venture Death for,
In Brabant, at Bruges, at Brussels, at Ghent,
Ostend, Ramilly, at Lisle, at Tournay, at Blenheim,
At Doway, Bethune, St. Vincent, and Air,
And many more Towns I want Breath for:
All this will a Soldier do for Love.

The Valiant Soldier only dies,
When wounded by the Fair one's Eyes;
In War he may his Safety boast,
But there's no Armour against a Toast,
When shot by some dear Deceiver,
Falling down into a Fever,
His Heart, like a Drum, beats Come, come, come
Come to my Arms, I'm murder'd by your Char
All this will a Soldier do for Love.

But glorious Anne, compleating all
The Balance of this mighty Ball,
Has doubly honour'd a Soldier's Life,
By being a noble Soldier's Wife.
Fair Ladies, it can't be new t'ye
That your Beauty spurs us to Duty,
Admiring, desiring, Love firing,
Inspiring the Brave too,
Makes us defie a Grave too;
For such a Reward has a Soldier's Life.

For the Flute.

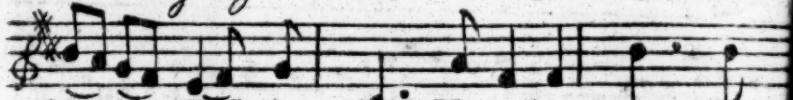


84 *The Merry Musicians; or*

Love's Caprice.



Poor Sighing Damon courts in vain The



blooming Sylvia's Love; To ev'ry Stream he



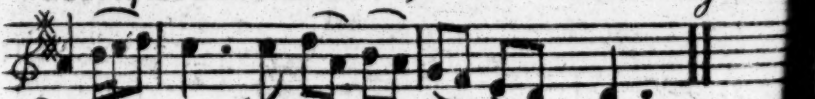
tells his Pain, His Care to ev'ry Grove.



Whilst tender Sylvia's panting Breast For



Scornfull Acron burns, Proud Acron slightsher



fond Request, And all her Favours Scorns.

[To the Second Part of the Tune]

Let ev'ry Nymph, that slights her swain,

Still meet with Sylvia's Fate;

And, when she feels her Lover's Pain.

Her own Example hate.

A Cure for the Spleen. 85
For the Flute



Set by M^r. Tenoe.

You I love, by all that's true, More than
all things here below; with a Passion
far more great, Than e'er Creature
loved yet: And yet still you cry, Forbear,
love no more, or love not here.

86 *The Merry Musician; or*

Bid the Miser leave his Ore;
 Bid the Wretched sigh no more;
 Bid the Old be Young again;
 Bid the Nun not think of Man:
 Silvia, this when you can do,
 Bid me then not think of you.

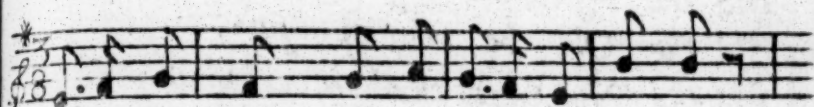
Love's not a thing of Choice, but Fate:
 What makes me love, makes You to hate;
 Silvia, then, do what you will,
 Ease or Cure, Torment or Kill;
 Be Kind or Cruel, False or True,
 Love I must, and none but You.

For the Flute.



A Cure for the Spleen. 87

Set by M^r. Galliard.



After the Pangs of a desperate Lover,



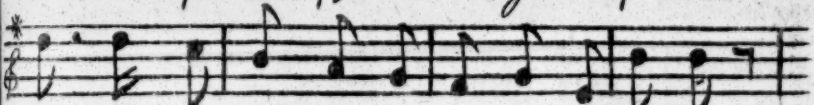
When Day and Night I have sigh'd all in vain,



Ah, what a Pleasure it is to discover



In her Eyes Pity, who causes my Pain!



Ah, what a Pleasure it is to discover



In her Eyes Pity, who causes my Pain!

*When with Unkindness our Love at a Stand is,
And Both have punish'd our selves with y^e Pain,*

Ah, what a Pleasure the Touch of her Hand is!

Ah what a Pleasure to press it again!

Ah, what a Pleasure, &c.

88 *The Merry Musicians; or*

When the Denial comes fainter and fainter,
 And her Eyes give what her Tongue does deny,
 Ah, what a Trembling I feel when I venture!
 Ah, what a Trembling does usher my Joy!
 Ah, what a Trembling, &c.

When, with a Sigh, She accords me the Blessing,
 And her Eyes twinkle twixt Pleasure and Pain;
 Ah, what a Joy 'tis, beyond all expressing!
 Ah, what a Joy to hear, shall we again!
 Ah, what a Joy, &c.

For the Flute.



A Cure for the Spleen.
Truth. Set by M.^r Leveridge.

Truth. Set by M.^r Leveridge.



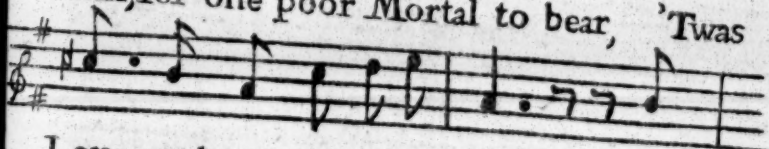
drink, this many and many a year, And



think for one



For one poor Mortal to bear, 'Twas



drink me down



tho' I have sin-
ned into debt, and



ve: I cannot leave



VOL II.

The Merry Musician; or

There's nothing but Mony can cure me,



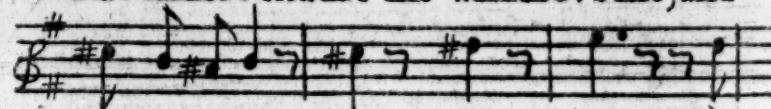
and rid me of all my pain, 'twill pay all my



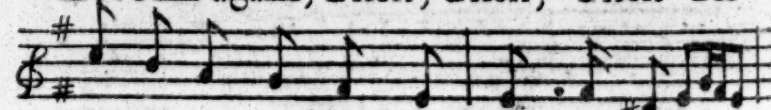
debts, and remove all my lets, & my Mistrefs



that cannot endure me will Love me, and



Love me again, Then, Then, Then I'll



fall to my Loving and drinking a-ma-



----- in, Then, Then,



Then I'll fall to my Loving and



drinking a-main.

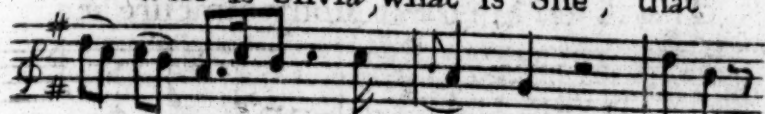
A Cure for the Spleen.

91

Silvia from Shakespear.



Who is Silvia, what is She, that



all our Swains commend her, Holy



Fair and wise is She, the Heav'n's such



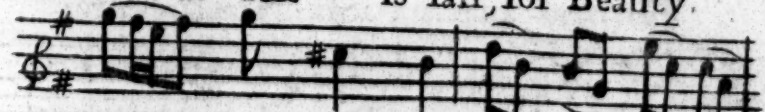
Grace did lend her that She might ad-



mi - - - - red be, be. Is She



kind as She is fair, for Beauty,



dwells with kindness, Love does to her



Eyes repair to help him of his Blindness



and being help'd inhabits there

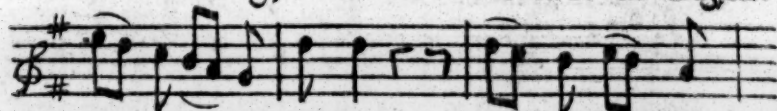
92 *The Merry Musician; or*



Then to Silvia let us Sing, that Silvia



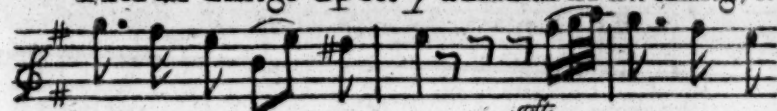
is excelling, Then to Silvia let us Sing that



Silvia is excelling, She excels all



Mortal things upon ^ey dull Earth dwelling, to



Her let us Garlands bring, ^{soft} to Her let us



Garlands bring, ^{Loud} She excels all Mortal



things upon the dull Earth dwelling, to



Her let us Garlands bring, to Her let us



Garlands bring.

by M^r. Lweridge

A Cure for the Spleen. 93

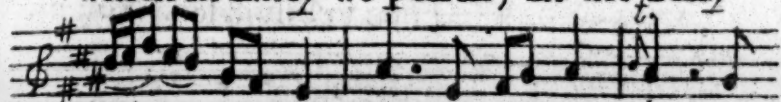
Song



Love's a dream of mighty Treasure,



which in fancy we possess, In the folly



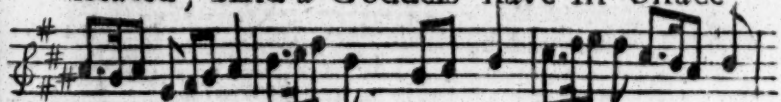
lies the pleasure, Wisdom always makes it



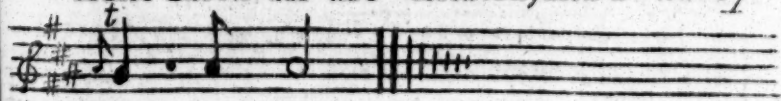
less. When with passion we are



heated, And a Goddess have in Chace



Like Ixion all are cheated, and a wat'ry



Cloud embrace.

Happy only is ² the Lover,

Whom his Mistress well deceives,

Seeking nothing to discover,

He contented lives at ease.

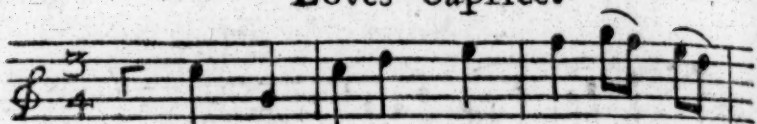
But the wretch that would be knowing,

What the fair one would disguise,

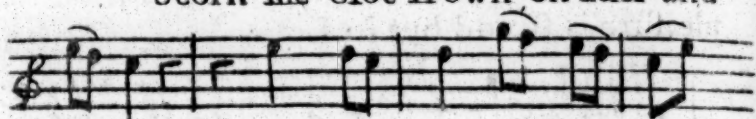
Labours for his own undoing,

Changing happy to be wise.

94 *The Merry Musician; or*
Loves Caprice.



Scorn me Cloe frown on still and



fly me, Thy sweet niceness my Heart



does appro - - - - - ve, Thy sweet



niceness my Heart does approve, still I'll



Court thee if still you'll deny me, No true



pleasure is found but in Love, No true



pleasure, No true pleasure is found but in



Lo - - - - - ve, No true

A Cure for the Spleen.

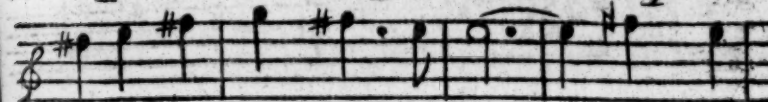
95



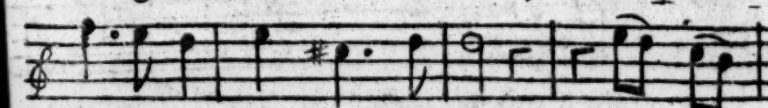
pleasure is found but in Love. Fancy



only creates all our pleasures They have



being but from our conceit, They have



being but from our conceit, When we've



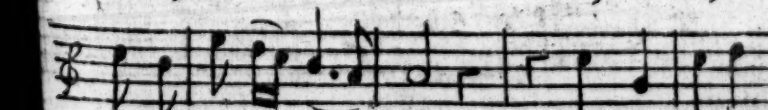
Labour'd and dug for the Treasure, soon we



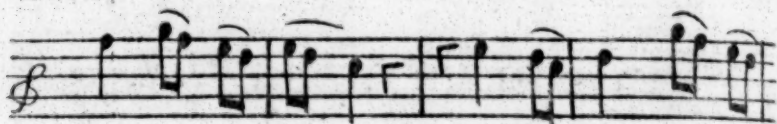
find out, soon we find out, 'tis all a mere



Cheat, 'tis a . . . 'tis all, 'tis



all, 'tis all a mere Cheat, Thus to dally and



thus to pursue thee, Sigh & Court thee is



my whole deli - - - - - ght, Sighs



Court thee is my whole delight, I cou'd



always thus dangle and Woo thee, 'Tis En-



joyment makes Love take his flight, 'Tis En-



joyment, 'Tis Enjoyment makes Love



take his fli - - - - - ght, 'Tis En-



joyment makes Love take his flight.

by M.^r Leveridge.

A Cure for the Spleen.

97.

A Yorkshire Tale. by M^r. Leveridge.



1
Come hither good People both Aged and Young,
And give your attention to my merry Song,
I'll Sing you a true one and not hold you long.
With a down, down, down, up and down derry, derry,
derry, up and down, down derry, derry down.

2
A Parson there was and whose name I could tell,
But if I doe not it may be full as well,
Whose Wife did all Yorkshire in Beauty excel,
with a down.

3
Her Texture so perfect her Eyes black as Slon,
Her Hair curling Shon and like jett it did shon,
Which often denotes 'tis the same thing below,
with a down.

4
A Sprightly young Spark She had spitten so deep,
Nor day had he quiet nor night could he sleep,
Which made him think how to her bed he should creep,
with a down.

5
Assistance he wanted and then did unbend,
His mind to a Brother, besure a good friend,
Who said fear not Watt thou shalt compass thy end,
with a down.

6
In Womans Apparell dress out and be gay,
I'll venture my life out 'twill be a sure way,
If you condescend but to what I shall say,
with a down.

98 *The Merry Musician; or*

And thus to Old Tack'ems this couple rod on,
Dear Doctor says Frank here's a thing to be done,
Which office perform'd I shall gratefully own,
with a down.

This Lady that long has Loves passion, defy'd,
And all my addresses so often deny'd,
Will now make me happy by being my Bride,
with a down.

'Tis past the Canonical hour said He,
And till the next morning you know it can't be,
And then I'll attend you Sir most readily,
with a down.

Says Frank I confess Sir you are perfectly right,
But here lyes the hardship we can't while 'tis right,
Get to the next Town for a Lodging to night,
with a down.

Take no care of that Sir for thus it shall be,
The Lady if she thinks it fit to agree,
Shall lye with my dearest and you lye with me,
with a down.

You so much oblige me in what you now Say,
I hope in return I shall find out a way,
Such generous kindness with thanks to repay,
with a down.

This being agreed on both Sides did consent,
To put the Glass round and the Evening was spent,
In Mirth and good cheere then to bed they all went,
with a down.

No sooner in bed then but with a bold grace,
Watt full of desire thus open'd the case,
Dear Madam says he I must — then did embrace,
with a down.

A Cure for the Spleen.

99

15

Confounded She Lay and not able to speak,
To think how these wags had deceiv'd her and Dick,
But at last She was pleas'd with the frolick & Trick
with a down.

16

He pleas'd her so well that Transported She lay,
Contriving and Plotting for his longer stay,
Which this to her Husband She form'd the next day,
with a down.

17

This Lady my dearest last night full of grief,
Oft hug'd me and told me I can't for my life,
Consent tho' I've promis'd him to be his Wife,
with a down.

18

To morrow Said She and then freely went on,
Tho' I Love him my heart tells me I must begone,
If so the poor Man you know may be undone,
with a down.

19

Now how to prevent this I'll think of a way,
If I can perswade her some time here to stay,
And that's a good Office I'm sure you will say,
with a down.

20

'Tis so my dear Creature pray do what you can,
To please her and bring her to humour again,
And I'll do my best to divert the poor Man,
with a down.

21

The Plott so well taken made both their hearts bound,
All night and all day too when ever they found,
Convenience for pastime her pleasure he Crown'd,
with a down. W

22

And thus my friend Watt his full Swing did obtain
The Wife too in transport a whole week did reign,
And the Man ne'er the worse had his Mare back again
with a down. W

The derry downs only where y^e mark is W

The Merry Musician; or
The Maids Resolution.

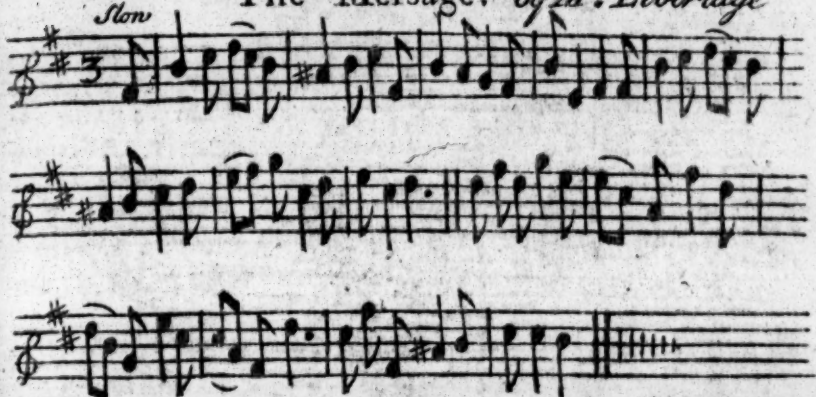
Foolish Women who part with their
Treasure, soon become Slaves to please man-
kind; after possessing the State they call
blessing, they all wish too late and would
change their mind. no false vows shall
controul my pleasure, to no ones humour
I'll be confind. Easy thoughts will at-
tend my leisure, while I Live single and
free as Wind. *by M. Lweridge*

A Cure for the Spleen.

101

The Message. by M^r. Liveridge

Slow



I

Send home my long stray'd Eyes to me,
Which Oh too long have dwelt on thee;
Send home my long stray'd Eyes to me,
Which Oh too long have dwelt on thee;
But if from you they learn'd such ill,
To sweetly smile,

And then beguile,

Keep the deceivers keep them still.

2

Send home my harmless heart again,
Which no unworthy thought cou'd stain;
But if it has been taught by thine,

To forfeit both,

It's word and oath,

Keep it for then 'tis none of mine.

3

Yet send me home my heart and Eyes,
That I may see and know thy lyes;

That I one day may laugh when thou,

Shall greive for one,

Thy Love will scorn,

And prove as false as thou art now.

The Merry Musician; or
Drink and Agree.



I
 Leave off this Idle prating,
 Talk no more of *Whig* or *Tory*,
 But fill your Glafs,
 Round let it pass,
 The Bottle stands before ye.
Cho. Fill it up, To the top,
 Let the Night with mirth be Crown'd,
 Drink about, See it out,
 Love and friendship still go round.

2
 We gain both life and pleasure,
 By Love and hearty drinking,
 While States-men plod,
 And wink and nod,
 To kill themselves with thinking.
Cho. Fill it &c.

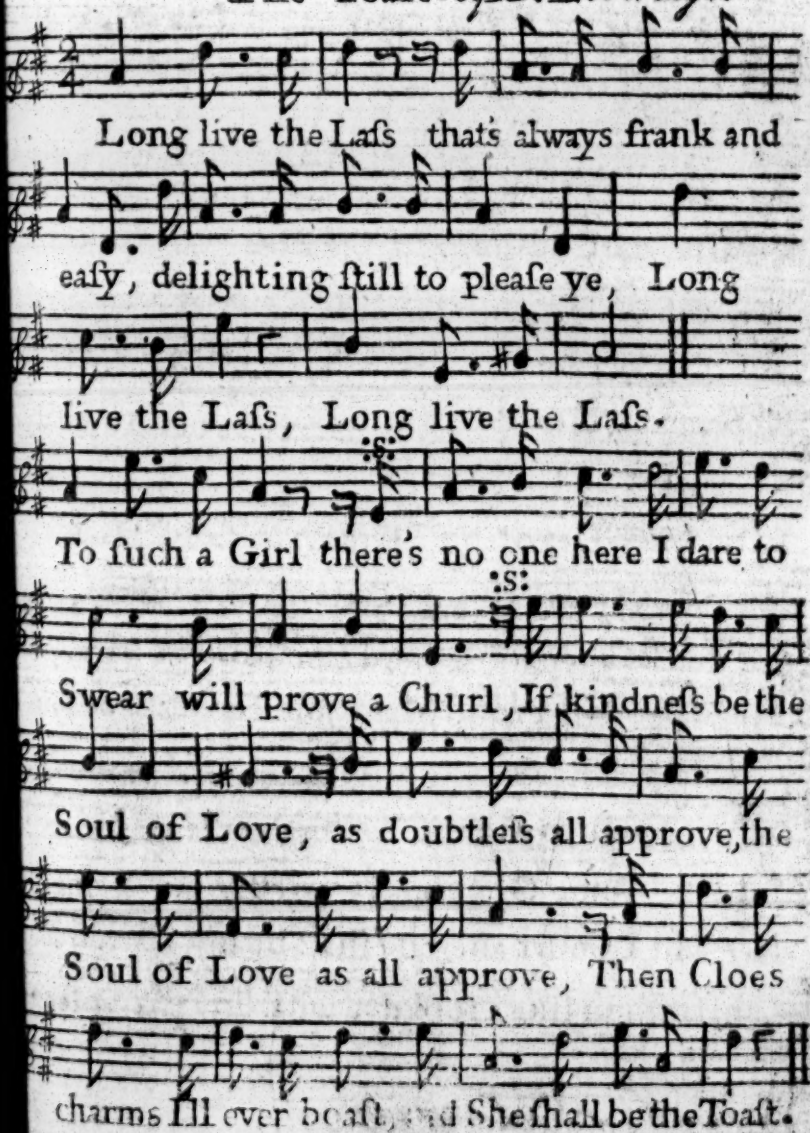
3
 If any are so Zealous,
 To be a Partys Minion,
 Let them drink like me,
 They'l soon agree,
 And be of one opinion.
Cho. Fill it &c.

4

If Clarett be a blessing,
This Night devote to pleasure,
Let State affairs,
And Worldly cares,
Attend us at more leasure.

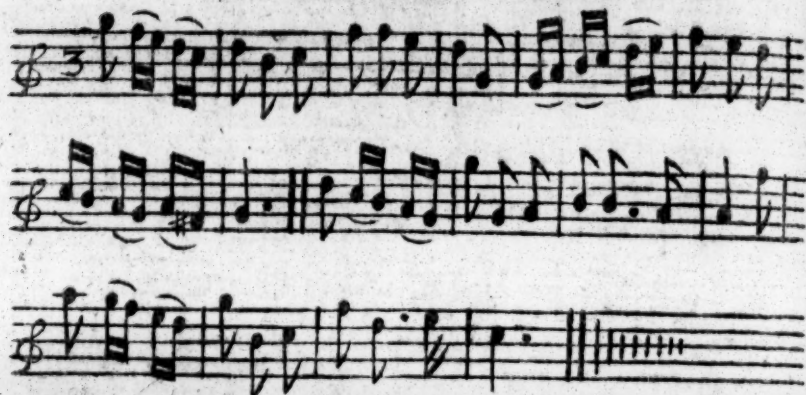
Cho. Fill it &c. *by M^r. Leveridge*

The Toast. by M^r. Leveridge.



Long live the Lads that's always frank and
easy, delighting still to please ye, Long
live the Lads, Long live the Lads.
To such a Girl there's no one here I dare to
Swear will prove a Churl, If kindness be the
Soul of Love, as doubtless all approve, the
Soul of Love as all approve, Then Cloes
charms I'll ever boast, and She shall be the Toast.

*The Merry Musician; or
The Lover Resolv'd.*



I

Phillis your falshood I see and despise,
Nor more will I bow like a Slave to those Eyes,
You may smile on and deceive other hearts,
Now mine bids defiance to Love and his darts.

2

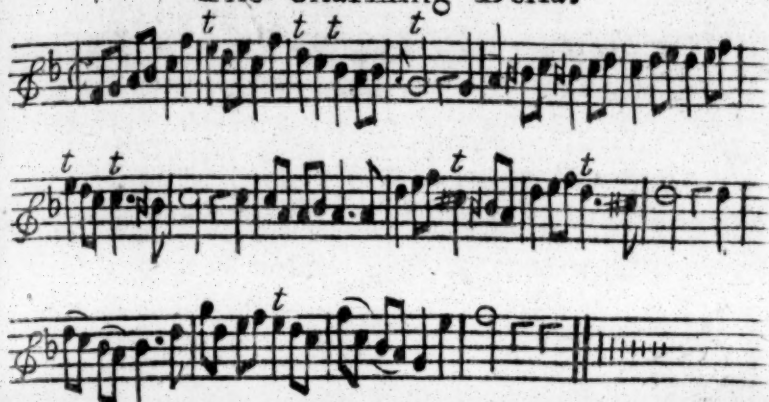
Hence my Devotion I'll pay to God Mars,
He will reward all my Toils in the Wars,
He shall command me and Fame I'll pursue,
Then farewell Proud Minx and for ever adieu.

3

When I return full of Riches and Fame,
I'll find some Girl that is worthy my Name,
Her will I Court and She shall be my Queen,
Whilst thou like a fool dye with Envy & Spleen.

by M^r. Leveridge

A Cure for the Spleen. 105
The Charming Delia.



Come *Delia*, come let's shun the heat,
The Sultry heat invades;
To yonder Covert let's retreat,
And seek the cooling Shade:
The twining *Jessamine* beneath,
And twisted *Eglantine*;
To flying gales their breath bequeath,
Almost as sweet as thine.

The Ringdove and his constant Mate
In tender notes agree;
Their passion sooner shall abate,
Than mine shall cease to thee.
I'll weave the *Roses* blushing red,
And joyn the *Lilly* pale;
And while I bind my *Delia's* head,
I'll tell the tender tale.

Dost see my dear this twisted Crown,
These flow'rs to grace thy head;
E'er Night their fragrance will be gone,
And all their Beauty fade.
So *Delia* all thy charms shall prove,
When coming Age draws nigh;
And what now crowds of Votaries Love,
Be thrown neglected by.

The veins that wander o'er thy neck,
Shall loose their curious blue;
The glowing Roses in thy Cheek,
Their lively ruddy hue.
Those Eyes where sportive *Cupid* plays,
No more shall cause delight;
Those lovely Tresses where he strays,
Shall turn to scatter'd white.

No Breast shall then for *Delia* glow,
Her charms shall cease to fire;
And I who more than love you now,
Shall look without desire.

Then *Delia* seize the proffer'd joy,
While now 'tis in your Pow'r;
No thoughts on future time employ,
But seize the present hour.

A Cure for the Spleen. 107

Advice. by M.^r Leveridge.



I
Maidens beware ye,
Love will insnare ye,
If you but look or lend an Ear;
Words will detain ye,
Sighs will trappan ye,
Tears will draw you into the snare,
then in time beware.

2
Daily you'l find it,
If you'l but mind it,
How many Maids false Men betray;
Let this concern ye,
Let their fall learn ye,
From the danger to run away,
run run run away.

3
Let Vertue guard ye,
Praise will reward ye,
And you will shine in brightest Fame;
When the poor Creature,
That yeilds her Charter,
Lives abandond and dyes with shame,
to bear such a name.

108 *The Merry Musician; or*
Celia the Fair. by M^r. Monro.



1
 My Goddess *Celia* Heavenly fair,
 As lillies sweet as soft as air;
 Let loose thy tresses spread thy charms,
 And to my love give fresh alarms.

2
 O let me gaze on those bright eyes;
 Tho' sacred lightning from them flies:
 Shew me that soft that modest grace,
 Which paints with charming red thy face.

3
 Give me ambrosia in a kiss,
 That I may rival *Jove* in bliss;
 That I may mix my Soul with thine,
 And make the pleasure all divine.

4
 O hide thy bosoms killing white,
 The milky way is not so bright;
 Lest you my ravish'd Soul oppress,
 With beauty's Pomp and sweet excess.

5
 Why draw'st thou from $\frac{e}{y}$ purple flood,
 Of my kind heart the vital blood;
 Thou art all over endless charms,
 O take me dying to thy arms.

The Shepherds Address to Cynthia.



I

The Sun had just withdrawn his fires,
And *Phœbe* shone with milder ray;
When *Thyrsis* to the grove retires,
As Love had pointed out the way.

2

His trembling knees the turf receives;
His aching head the Cowslips press;
His breast that Sighs alone had eas'd,
At last gave way to this address.

3

O Queen that guid'st the silent hours;
If e'er *Endymion* sooth'd thy pain:
By all thy joys in Carian Bow'rs,
Restore me *Rosalind* again.

4

To thee my mournfull plaint I send;
Protectress of the virtuous mind,
Do thou thy chaste assistance lend;
Venus is lew'd and *Cupid* blind.

5

Behold these cheeks how pale! how wan!
That once were grac'd with rosey pride.
Dim are my eyes their lustre gone,
My lips a purple hue deride.

The Merry Musician; or

6

To wretched me it nought avails,
That *Phoebus* self has strung my *Lyre*;
Since *Pluto's* worthless God prevails,
And only sordid wealth can fire.

7

The Nightingale that pines with love,
With melting notes does grief suspend:
Me, verse nor sweetest sounds can move,
My torments she alone can end.

8

But hark! the Ravens direfull croake,
Joyn'd with the Owls ill boding screach;
In frightfull consort fate has spoke.
Alas! my Love-sick heart will break.

9

Too cruel Nymph hast, hast away,
And see your victim prostrate lye;
I faint I can no longer stay;
O *Rosalind* for thee I die.

Love Triumphant.



A Cure for the Spleen. III

I

When I beheld *Clarinda's* eyes,
Love did my trembling heart surprise;
And long have I hugg'd my fond amorous chain,
And long have I mourn'd y^e fair tyrants disdain;
Still whining and sighing,
And pining and dying;
Nor once bravely trying,
Relief to obtain.

2

Now shall the feeble Boy resign,
To the gay blushing God of wine;
Wine's the specifick of e'ery disease,
Drink wine & frail beauty no longer shall teaze:
Whilst wine we're enjoying,
Th' effect of proud coying,
We're fairly destroying,
And purchasing ease.

3

Come put the clatt'ring glasses round,
Hark! with what harmony they sound.
Enlarg'd by a Bumper my freedom I boast,
And thus I recover the heart that I lost.
But whence all this trembling,
Relapse so resembling,
In vain is dissembling;
Clarinda's the Toast.

4

Let me no more my self deceive;
Kindness alone can Love relieve:
Then still will I hugg my fond amorous chain,
And still will I mourn the fair tyrants disdain;
Till mov'd by my sighing,
She kindly complying,
Repreives me from dying,
And pities my pain.

Set by M^r Handel

112 *The Merry Musician; or*
The Artifice.



When Cloe^I we ply,
We swear we shall dye,
Her eyes do our hearts so enthrall;
But 'tis for her pelf,
And not for her self,
It is all artifice all, it is all artifice,
Artifice all.

2
The Maidens are coy,
They'll pish and they'll fie,
And swear if you're rude they will call;
But whisper so low,
By which you may know,
It is all artifice &c.

3
My dear the wives cry,
When ever you die,
To marry again we ne'er shall;
But less than a year,
Will make it appear,
It is all artifice &c.

4
In matters of State,
And party debate,
For Church and for justice we bawl;
But if you'll attend,
You'll find in the end,
It is all artifice all, it is all artifice,
Artifice all.

A Cure for the Spleen. 113

The Vocal Grove.



I

When the bright God of Day,
Drove to Westward his Ray,
And the Ev'ning was charming & clear;
When the Swallows amain,
Nimble skim'd o're the Plain,
And their Shadows like Giants appear.

2

In a Jessamine Bow'r,
When the Bean was in flow'r,
And the Zephyrs breath'd Odours around;
Lovely *Cælia* the sat,
With her Song and Spinnet,
To charm all the Grove with the sound.

3

Rosy Bowers She Sung,
Whilst the Harmony rung,
And the Birds did all fluttering arrive;
The Industrious Bees,
From the Flowers and Trees,
Gently humm'd with their sweets to their Hive.

4

Now the Gay God of Love,
As he flew o're the Grove,
By Zephyrs conducted along;
While he play'd on the Strings,
He beat Time with his Wings,
And an Eccho repeated the Song.

114 *The Merry Musician; or*

5

Oh ye Mortals beware,
How you venture too near,
Love doubly is Armed to wound;
From her Eyes if you run,
You're surely undone,
If the reach but your Ears wth her Sound.

A Song Set by M^r H: Purcel.



I

Stript of their Green our Groves appear,
 Our Vales lye Bury'd deep in Snow;
 The Blow--ing North controuls the Air,
 A nipping Frost chills all below.
 The Frost has Gla--zd our deepest streams,
 Phœbus withdra--ws his kindly Beams,
 Phœbus withdra--ws his kindly Beams,
 Yet Winter blest be thy return,
 Thou'lt brought the Swain for whom I us'd to
 (mourn;
 And in thy Ice with plea--sing flames we Burn,
 And in thy Ice with plea--sing flames we Burn.

2

Too soon the Suns reviveing Heat,
 Will thaw that Ice and melt that Snow;
 Trumpets will sound and Drums will beat,
 And tell me the dear youth must goe:
 Then must my weak unwilling Armes,
 Resign him up to stronger Charms,
 What sweets, what flowers, what Beauteous thing,
 Now *Damons* gone can Ease or Pleasure bring,
 Winter brings *Damon*, Winter is my Spring.

The Bonny Milk Maid.



I

Ye Nymphs and Sylvian Gods,
 That love green Fields and Woods;
 When Spring newly blown,
 Her self does adorn,
 With Flowers and blooming buds:
 Come sing in the praise,
 Whilst Flocks do graze,
 In yontlers pleasant Vale;
 Of those that choose,
 Their Sleep to lose,
 And in cold Dews,
 With clouted Shoes,
Do carry the Milking Pail.

2

The Goddess of the Morn,
 With blushes they adorn;
 And take the fresh Air,
 Whilst Linnets prepare
 A Consort on each green Thorn:
 The Blackbird and Thrush,
 On every bush,
 And the charming Nightingale;
 In merry vein,
 Their throats do strain,
 To entertain,
 The jolly train,
That carry the Milking Pail.

3

When cold bleak Winds do roar,
 And Flowers can spring no more;
 The Fields that were seen,
 So pleasant and green,
 By Winter all candid o'er:

Oh how the Town Lass,
Looks with her white Face,
And her Lips of deadly pale;
But it is not so,
With those that go,
Thro' Frost and Snow,
With Cheeks that glow,
To carry the Milking Pail.

4

The Miss of Courtly mould,
Adorn'd with Pearl and Gold;
With washes and Paint,
Her Skin does so taint,
She's wither'd before She's Old:
Whilst she in Commode,
Puts on a Cart load,
And with Cushions plumps her tail;
What Joys are found,
In Russet Gown,
Young plump and Round,
And sweet and sound,
That carry the Milking Pail.

5

The Girls of Venus Game,
That ventures Health and Fame;
In practising feats,
With Colds and with Heats,
Make lovers grow Blind and Lame:
If Men were so Wise,
To value the prize,
Of the Wares most fit for Sale;
What store of *Beaus*,
Would daub their Cloaths,
To save a Nose,
By following those,
That carry the Milking Pail.

The Country Lad is free,
 From fears and Jealousie;
 When upon the Green
 He is often seen,
 With his Lass upon his Knee:
 With Kisses most sweet,
 He does her greet,
 And swears she'll ne'er grow stale;
 Whilst the London Lass,
 In e'ery place,
 With her brazen Face,
 Despises the grace,
Of those with the Milking Pail.

A Thing without a Name.



^I
 Come go with me and you shall see
 My friends the Worlds Great Wonder.
 For few I think will spare their Chink
 Let it Snow, Rain, Hail or Thunder.

²
 A Spright there is with dreadfull Phiz
 That late the Main came over.
 Its Eyes did flame but has no Name
 Yet it landed safe at Dover.

3

When it was seen the Folk with spleen,
Striv'd who should first come at it;
But it ran so fast they were forc'd at last,
To retreat for they could not get it.

4

O'er Hedge and Ditch like any Witch,
It scamper'd like a mad Stag;
Then each did say let's get away;
For it is a very sad Wag.

5

Then loosing sight of this Great Spright,
A Cunning-Man was sent for;
Who when he came (without its Name)
Said they must go out of Kent for.

6

Then each laid down his merry Crown,
But all that would not do Sir;
Nor Six Crowns more to all that store,
By my Troth I tell you true Sir.

7

For up to London Town it came,
And sweat like any Fury;
But when it came they knew its Name,
In the Hundreds of Old Drury.

8

But tell its Name I can't for shame;
Guess therefore at your leisure:
Be what it will 'twill Coo and Bill,
And afford vast deal of Pleasure.

120 *The Merry Musician; or*

9

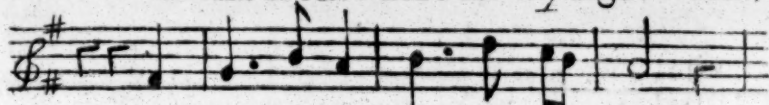
Its smooth and rough and that's enough;
'Twill stand all sorts of Weather;
Gently stroak it roughly poke it,
And you'll agree together.

The forsaken Maid.

Set by M.^r Gouge.



Fond Eccho forbear thy light Strain,



And heedfully hear a lost Maid;



Go tell the false Ear of the Swain - -



How deeply his Vows have betray'd.



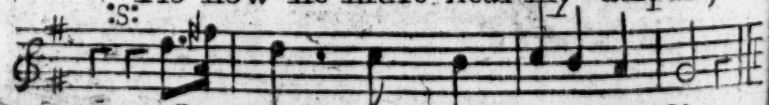
Go tell him what Sorrows I bear,



See yet if his heart feel my Woe;



'Tis now he must heal my despair,



Or Death will make Pity too Slow.

A Cure for the Spleen. 121

Charming Cloe.



I

What e'er I do where e'er I go,
My *Cloe's* all my darling Theme;
By Day no other thought I know,
By Night no o--ther, By Night no o...
ther pleasing dream.

2

The flow'rs that paint the fragrant Mead,
Are Emblems of my blooming dear;
My *Cloe* there I faintly read,
For *Flora* smiles less winning fair.

3

The spicy gales which fann the leaves,
And gently curl the Crystal flood;
Describe my *Cloe* when she breaths,
Ten thousand sweets througout the Wood.

4

The Birds that hail the genial Spring,
And warbling grace each vocal spray;
Surpass'd by *Cloe* hang the wing,
And cease their various trilling lay.

VOL II.

122 *The Merry Musician; or*

5

The Lamb that skips with bounding heels,
 Along the dewy verdant plain;
 My Cloes innocence reveals,
 My Cloes pleasant sprightly vein.

6

Beauty and sence in ample grace,
 In full perfection gavly drest;
 Charm us in Cloes mind and face,
 And sweetly rob us of our rest.

7

Minerva wife and *Venus* fair,
 Have jointly form'd the dang'rous Maid;
 Fly then ye Swains nor pry too near,
 To gaze alas! - - is to be dead.

The Lovely Charmer.



I

Wilt thou ever lovely charmer,
 Thus persist to tyranize,
 Thus persist to tyranize;
 Can no fire approach to warm her,
 Who from danger never flies,
 Who from danger never flies.

A Cure for the Spleen. 123

2
Circl'd in a crow'd of Lovers,
Kindly all you entertain;
None a fav'rite smile discovers,
Yet we're pleas'd to live in pain.

3
Thus with art your Sex exceeding,
You despise each vain pretence;
Fops encourage by good breeding,
Yet approve the man of sence.

4
Long in silence have I waited,
Trembling to disclose my Love;
Fearfull to be one you hated,
Hopeless you'd my flame approve.

5
Yet believe me charming Creature,
Heaven design'd you kind as fair;
Trust for once the God of Nature,
None are happy but a pair.

6
Plays and Balls, nay tasteless kisses,
All are trifles empty joy;
Love affords more Sollid Blisses,
Which delight, yet never cloy.

A Song to a Minuet of M.^r Handel's



124 *The Merry Musician; or*



I

Bacchus one day gayly striding,
On his never failing Tun;
Sneaking empty pots deriding,
Thus address each toaping Son:
Praise the joys that never vary,
And adore the liquid Shrine;
All things noble gay and airy,
Are perform'd by Generous Wine.

2

Pristin Hero's Crown'd with Glory,
Owe their noble rise to me;
Poets wrote the flaming story
Fir'd by my Divinity:
If my influence is wanting,
Musicks charms but slowly move;
Beauty too in vain lies panting,
'Till I fill the Swains with Love.

3

If you crave eternal pleasure,
Mortals this way bend your eyes;
From my ever flowing treasure,
Charming Scenes of bliss-arise:
Here's the soothing balmy blessing,
Sole dispeller of your pain;
Gloomy Souls from care releasing,
He who drinks not, lives in vain.

A Cure for the Spleen. 125

Marians Complaint.



I
One Aprill Ev'ning when the Sun,
Had Journey down the Sky;
Poor *Marian* with joyless cheer,
Walk'd out most heavenly.

2
Tears trickled down her faded cheeks,
Soft sighs her Bosom heav'd;
Soft sighs confest her inward woe,
Alas! She'd been deceiv'd.

3
On what a wretch am I become;
Poor luckless Lass said she;
The Cowslip and the Violets bloom,
Have now no charms for me.

4
The setting Sun which decks each Cloud,
With streaks of purple dye;
Bring no releif to my disease,
Nor pleasure to my Eye.

5
This little River when I dress'd,
Once serv'd me for a Glass;
And now it serves to shew how Love
Has ruin'd this poor face.

126 *The Merry Musician; or*

6

How often *Collin* have you Sworn,
That none you Lov'd but me;
Yet Perjur'd now those Oaths you Scorn,
And flight my misery.

7

What charms can happy *Mopsa* boast,
To change thy faithless mind;
What Beauty more in her than me,
Ungratefull canst thou find.

8

The other Shepherds think me fair,
But what is that to me;
The praise of all the neighb'ring youth;
I hopeless dye for thee.

9

I'd change my eyes and rosey cheeks,
For *Mopsa's* fallow hue;
And be content with blubber lips,
Since they have charms for you.

10

Have I not told you twenty times,
I could not bear deceit;
And who'd have gues'd those harmless looks,
Were form'd to hide a cheat.

11

But now alas too late I find,
Those looks have me betray'd;
Yet I'll not spend my dying hours,
Thy falshood to upbraid.

A Cure for the Spleen. 127

12

But what remaining breath I have,
Shall interceed with Heav'n;
That all thy broken Vows to me,
At last may be forgiv'n.

13

And one small Boon of thee unkind,
I e'er I dye require;
Ah do not thou refuse to grant;
A wretch her last desire!

14

When thou with *Mopsa* shall have fix'd,
Thy fatal Marriage Day;
Oh do not o'er my green grass grave,
Inhumane! take thy way.

The Charming Sailor.



I

Farewell the fatal pleasures,
The shining Masquerade;
And all the dying measures,
That tender Love persuade:
The Notes that sweetly languish,
To Aid the Lovers flame;
Whilst he reveals his anguish,
And begs the fair ones name.

128 *The Merry Musician; or.*

2

No more you can invite me,
You sing alafs! in vain;
No Musick can delight me,
Tho' Orpheus play'd again:
A lovely Sailor pleading,
With wit in every word;
Both skil'd in Love and Breeding,
Has fix'd my Heart on board.

3

In ev'ry dream appearing,
All charming, all Divine;
A manner most endearing,
A Voice as soft as mine:
His hand so gently pressing,
As if no ropes they knew;
What is my Song confessing,
It grows a Billet Doux,

4

Some tunefull Voice befriending,
The fondness of my Heart,
In mournfull Notes descending,
My tenderness impart:
Ah sure he soon will know it,
If Love inspire his sight;
Those Eyes that made the Poet,
I fear will guess too right.

Song

'Twas down in a meadow I chanc'd for to
 pass, Oh there I did spy a young.

Beautifull Lafs, Her Age I am ſure, was
ſcarcely fifteen, And ſhe on her

Head, wore a Garland of Green: Her

Lips were like Rubys, and as for her.

Eyes, they sparkl'd like Diamonds, or

Stars in the Skyes, and as for her

voice it was charming and clear, And

2

Why does my lov'd Billy prove false and unkind,
 Or why does he change like the wavering wind,
 From one that is Loyal in ev'ry degree,
 O why does he change to another from me,
 Or why does he laugh at my Sorrow and woe,
 Or why does he scoff at my sad overthrow,
 Susanna will always prove true to her trust,
 I'm sorry lov'd Billy will prove so unjust.

3

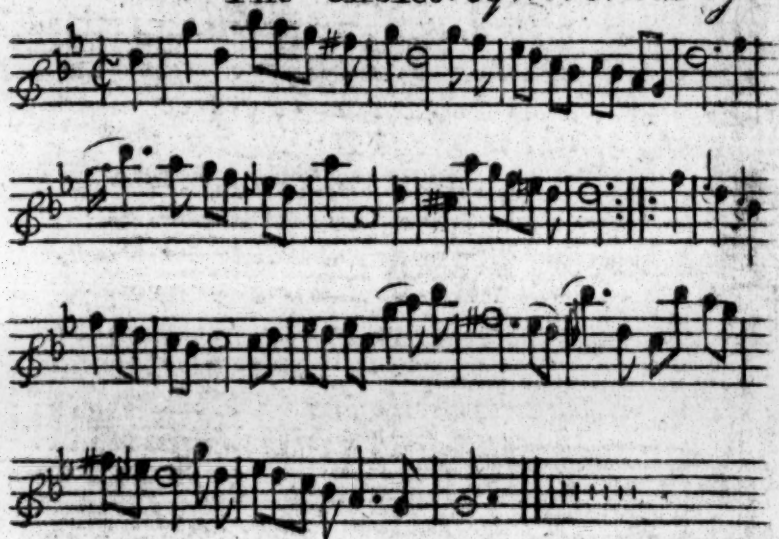
'Twas down in a meadow a making of Hay,
 O there did we pass the sweet minutes away;
 I lul'd him to sleep, and I watch't him the while,
 And when he awak'd 'twas with a sweet smile;
 And when he went forth to Harrow and Plough,
 I milk'd him sweet Silly-bubs under the Cow,
 O then was I kind and sat on his knee,
 No Lad in the World was so loving as he.

4

But now he has left me, and Fanny the fair,
 Employs all his wishes, his thoughts and his Care;
 He kisses her hand and sets her on his knee,
 And says all the kind things he once said to me:
 But if she believes him, the false hearted Swain,
 Will leave her, and then she like me may complain,
 For nothing's more certain — believe, Silly Sue
 Who once has been faithless, can seldom prove true.

5

She finisht her Song and rose to begon,
 Then over the common came jolly young John,
 He told her that she was the Joy of his life,
 And if she'd consent he wou'd make her his wife;
 She cou'd not refuse him, so to Church they went,
 Young Billy's forgot and young Susan content,
 Most Men are like Billy, most women like Sue,
 And if Men prove false, why shoud women prove true.

The Choice. by Mr. Tho: Sary.

Could'st thou ^I give me a pleasure,
Like the Mistress of my heart;
I'd drink beyond all measure,
And from thee never start.
A pleasure so alluring,
I never could refrain,
'Till life (not worth enduring)
In a Tun I'd drown my pain.

But since ² there's no comparing
With raptures she can give;
Whose Extasie (past bearing)
I scarce can taste and live:
To brighter joys resigning,
I'll quit thy spark'ling charms,
And die without repining,
To be buried in her Arms.

132 *The Merry Musician; or*
The Sincere Lover.



Ye Shepherds and Nymphs that



adorn the gay Plain, ap -



proach from your sports, and at -



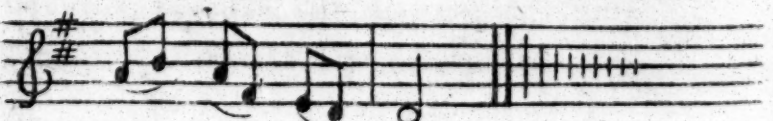
tend to my strain; Amongst



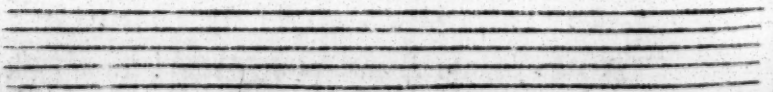
all your Numbers a Lover so



true, was ne're so undone with such



Elifs in his view.



2
Was ever a Nymph so hard hearted as mine,
She knows ne sincere, and she sees how I pine,
She does not disdain me, nor frown in her wrath,
But calmly and mildly resigns me to Death.

3
She calls me her friend, but her Lover denies,
She smiles when I'm chearfull, but hears not my Sigh
A Bosom so flinty, so gentle an Air,
Inspires me with hopes, and yet bids me despair.

4
I fall at her feet, and implore her with tears,
Her answers confound, when her Manner endears
When softly she tells me to hope no releif,
My trembling Lips bless her in spite of my grief.

5
At night in my slumbers still haunted with Care,
I start up in anguish, and Sigh for the Fair,
The Fair sleeps in peace, may she ever do so,
And only in dreaming imagine my woe.

6
Than gaze at a distance, nor farther aspire,
Nor think she should Love whom she cannot admire.
Hush all thy complainings, and dying her slave
Commend her to Heaven, and thy self to the Grave.

134 *The Merry Musicians; or*

Hazard. A Song.

Made at Tunbridge to the Tune of At the Tree I shall suffer &c.

Vivitur ex raptō.



By gaming ne'er think to a-



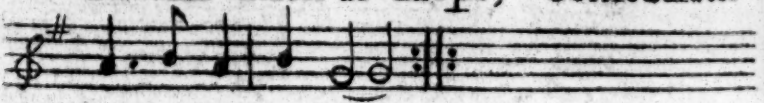
muse ye; By gaming ne'er think to a-



muse ye; Pufs, Setters, & Fops, in



swarms thick as Hops, Confederates



are to abuse ye.

2

There's Cowards and Counterfitt Cockheads;

Who merit the Gallows,

Set up for fine Felows,

When in fact they'r but Rascals and Block-heads.

3

They'r a match for your Peachums and Locketts;

With an Apish Grimace,

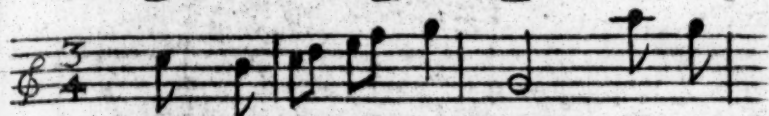
They'l smile in your Face,

All the while they are picking ^ry Pockets.

A Cure for the Spleen. 135

Once for all.

By M^r Henry Carey.



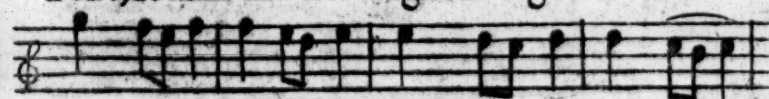
With an honest old Friend, and a



merry old Song, and a Flask of old



Port, let me sit the night long: And



laugh at ^ey malice of those who repine, that



they must drink Porter, while I can drink Wine.

2

I envy no mortal tho' ever so Great,
Nor scorn I a wretch for his lowly Estate;
But what I abhor and esteem as a Curse,
Is poorness of Spirit, not poorness in Purse.

3

Then dare to be Generous, dauntless, and Gay.
Let us merrily pass Lifes remainder away.
Upheld by our Friends we our Foes may despise,
For the more we are envy'd, the higher we rise.

136 *The Merry Musician; or*

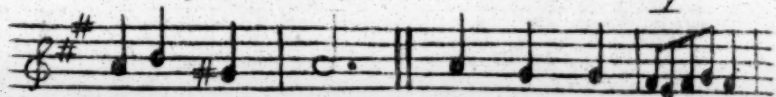
A Song by M^r John Webber.



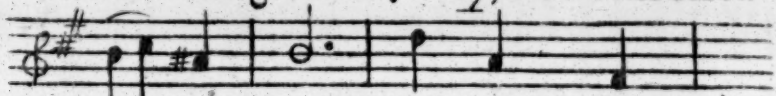
When first I saw thee gracefull



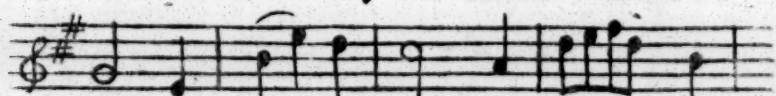
move, Ah me! what meant my



throbbing breast? Say, soft confusion



art thou Love? If Love thou



art then farewell rest, If Love thou



art then farewell rest.

2

Since doom'd I am to Love the Swain,
Though hopeless of a warm return;
Yet kill me not with cold disdain,
But let me live, and let me burn.

3

With gentle smiles assuage the pain,
Those gentle smiles did first create;
And though you cannot Love again,
In pity Oh! forbear to hate.

A Cure for the Spleen. 137

Love and Prudence. by M^r. Carey



1
Alone by a Fountain,
I press the cold Ground,
I press the cold Ground,
Lest the Rocks & the Mountain:
My grief Should resound
For the Man that's so dear,
I'll never discover,
No never discover,
Lest the Eccho Should hear,
The Eccho Should hear,
And Repeat to my Lover.

2

The pains that invade me
I never will tell,
No never will tell,
Lest the World Should Upbraid me
With Loving too well;
If my truth cannot move,
No Fondness I'll show,
No Fondness I'll show;
Tis enough that I Love,
Enough that I Love,
And too much he Should know.

138. *The Merry Musicians or*
The Generous Repulse
by Mr. Carey



1

Thy vain pursuit fond youth give o'er,
 What more alas can *Flavia* do:

Thy worth I own thy fate deplore,
 All are not happy that are true,

2

Suppress thy sighs & weep no more,
 Should Heav'n & Earth with $\frac{e}{y}$ combine;
 Twere all in vain since any pow'r
 To Crown thy Love, must alter mine.

3

But if revenge can ease thy pain,
 I'll sooth the Ills I cannot cure;
 Tell thee I drag a hopeless chain,
 And all that I inflict endure.

Brisk The Wheedler.



1 *Set by Mr. Carey*

In vain dear Chloe you Suggest,
That I, Inconstant have possesst,
Or Lov'd a fairer she:
But if at once you would be cur'd,
Of all the Ills you have Endur'd,
Look in your Glafs and See.

2

And if perchance you there Should find,
A nymph more Lovely or more kind,
You've Reason for your tears;
But if impartial you will prove,
Both to your Beauty & my Love,
How needless are those fears .

K2

3

If in my way I should by Chance,
 Give, or receive a wanton glance,
 I like but Whilst I view;
 How faint \bar{y} glance, how flight the kifs,
 Compar'd to that Substantial blifs,
 I Still receive from you .

4

With wanton flight \bar{y} curious Bee,
 From Flower to Flower still wanders free,
 And where each Blossom blows;
 Extracts the Juice of all he meets,
 And for his Quintessence of Sweets,
 He Ravishes the Rose .

5

So I my leisure to employ,
 In each variety of Ioy,
 From Nymph to nymph do roame;
 Perhaps See Fifty in a Day,
 They are but visits which I pay,
 For Chloe's still my home .

*The Dying Swan.**Set by Mr. Carey.*

1

Twas on a Rivers verdant side,
Just at the Close of Day;
A Dying Swan with Musick tried,
To Chase her cares away.

2

And, tho' she ne'er had Stretch'd her throat
Or tun'd her Voice before;
Death (ravish'd with so sweet a Note)
A while the Stroke forbore.

3

Farewel, she cry'd, ye Silver Streams;
Sweet purling Streams adieu!
Where *Phæbus* us'd to dart his beams,
And blefs both me and you.

4

Farewel, ye tender whistling Reeds;
Soft Scenes of happy Love!
Farewel, ye dear Enamel'd Meads,
Where I was wont to rove.

5

No more with you must I converse,
See! yonder setting Sun,
Attends, while I my last rehearse,
And then I must be gone.

6

Weep not, my tender, constant Mate!
We'll meet again below;
It is the Fixt decree of Fate,
And I with pleasure go

The Merry Musician; or

Gently The Nightingale . by M^r. Carey.



1

While in a Bow'r with beauty blest,
The lov'd, the lov'd *Aminor* lies;
While Sinking on *Lucinda's* breast,
He fondly, fondly kiss'd her Eyes;
A Wakeful Nightingale who long had mourn'd
Had mourn'd within the Shade,
Sweetly renew'd her plaintive Song,
And war-bled through the Glade .

2

Melodious Songstrefs! cry'd *y* Swain,
To Shades, to Shades less happy go;
Or if thou wilt with us remain,
Forbear, forbear thy tuneful woe:
While in *Lucinda's* arms I lie,
To Song, to Song, I am not free;
On her soft bosome, while I die,
I Dis-cord find in thee .

VOL II.

A Cure for the Spleen. 143

The Romp in the Provok'd Husband

by M^{rs} Carey.



Jigg Time



1

Oh I'll have a Husband ay marry,
For why Shou'd I Longer tarry,
For why Shou'd I Longer tarry,
Than other brisk Girls have done:
For if I stay,
Till I grow grey,
They'll call me old Maid,
And fusty old Iade,
So I'll no longer tarry,
But I'll have a Husband ay marry,
If money can buy me one.

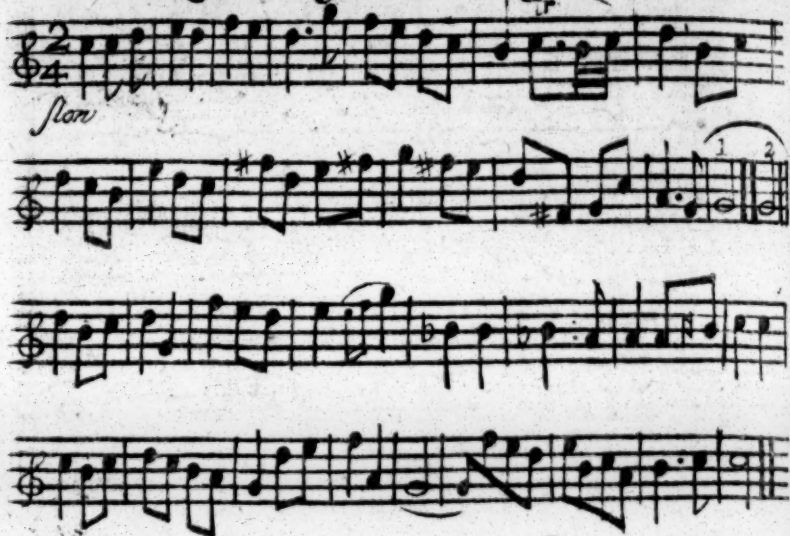
2

My Mother She says I'm too coming;
And still in my Ears She is drumming,
And still in my Ears She is drumming,
That I such vain Thoughts Should shun:
My Sisters they cry,
Oh fye and Oh fye!
But yet I can See,
They're as coming as me;
So let me have Husbands in Plenty,
Id rather have Twenty times Twenty;
Than dye an old maid Undone.

M2

144 *The Merry Musicians; or*

A Song Set by Mr. Carey



1

Sad *Musidora* all in woe,
 A Silent Grotto Seeks,
 No more her self on Plains does show,
 But Sighing thus she Speaks;
 Why was I born of high degree?
 An humble Shepherdess,
 Had been much happier far for me,
 Than all this gau-dy drefs.

2

A Sumptuous Palace full of Ioy,
 To me a Dungeon is,
 And all that mirth does me Annoy,
 Which others Count for Blifs;
 Then lost in Grief the lovely maid,
 Retir'd from all the Throng,
 And on a Bank reclind her head,
 While Tears ran trick-ling Down.

A Song in the Provok'd Husband
by M^r. Carey



1

What tho' they call me Country Lass,
I read it plainly in my Glass,
That for a Dutchess I might pass,
Oh could I See the Day!
Would Fortune but attend my call,
At Park, at Play, at Ring, at Ball,
I'd Brave the Proudest of 'em all,
With a Stand by! — Clear the way.

2

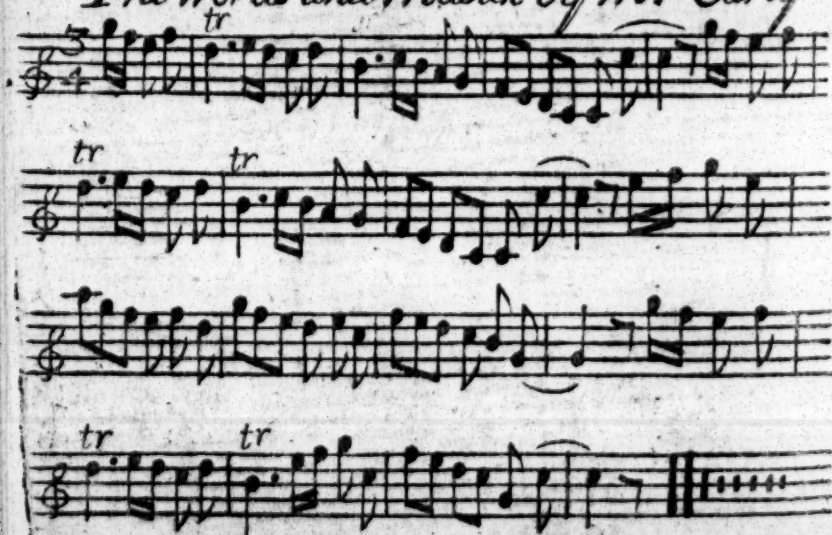
Surrounded by a Croud of Beaux,
With smart Toupets, and Powder'd Cloaths,
At Rivals I'll turn up my Nose,
Oh could I See the Day!
I'll dart such glances from these Eyes,
Shall make some Nobleman my Prize,
And then Oh how I'll Tyrannize
With a Stand by! — Clear the way!

3

O then for Grandeur and Delight,
 For Equipage, for Diamonds Bright,
 And Flambeaux that outshine the light!
 Oh could I See the Day,
 Thus ever easy, ever gay,
 Quadrille shall wear the night away,
 And pleasure crown the growing Day,
 With a Stand by! — Clear the Way.

Of Love and Joy I'd take my fill,
 The tedious hours of Life to kill,
 In ev'ry thing I'd have my will,

Polly Peachum

The Words and Musick by Mr. Carey

1

Of all the Toasts that Brittain boasts;
The Gim, the Gent, the Iolly,
The Brown, the Fair, the Débonnair,
There's none cry'd up like Polly;
She's charm'd the Town, has quite cut down,
The Opera of Rolly:
Go where you will, the Subject still,
Is Pretty pretty Polly.

2

There's Madam Faustina, Catso!
And eke Madame Catsoni;
Likewise *Signor Senesino*,
Are tutti Abbandonni:
Ha, ha, ha, ha, Do, re, mi, fa,
Are now but Farce and Folly,
We're ravish'd all, with Toll, loll, loll,
And Pretty pretty Polly.

3

The Sons of Bayes, in Lyric Lays,
Sound forth her Fame in Print O;
And as we Pass, in Frame and Glass,
We see her Mezzo = tint = o:
In Ivy Lane, the City Strain,
Is now no more on Dolly;
And all the Brights, at Man's and White's,
Of Nothing talk, but Polly

148 *The Merry Musician; or*

4

Oh Johnny Gay! thy Lucky Play,
Has made the Criticks Grin, a;
They Cry 'tis flat, 'tis this, 'tis that,
But, let them Laugh that win, a;
I Swear 'Parbleu, 'tis naif and new;
Ill Nature is but folly,
'Thas lent a Stitch, to Fate of Rich,
And set up Madam Polly .

5

Ah Tuneful Fair! Beware! beware;
Nor Toy with Star and Garter;
Fine Cloaths may hide a foul Inside,
And you may Catch a Tartar;
If Powder'd Fop Blow up your Shop,
'Twill make you Melancholly;
Then left Forlorn the Beaux will Scorn,
Alas, alas, Poor Polly !

Carey's Wish

A Catch for Three Voices



1

Curst be the Wretch thats bought & Sold,
And Barter Liberty for Gold;
For when Election is not free,
In vain we boast of Liberty;
And he, who sells his Single Right,
Would sell his Country; if he might.

2

When Liberty is put to Sale,
For wine, for Money, or for Ale,
The sellers must be abject Slaves,
The Buyers vile designing Knaves;
And't has a Proverb been of Old
The Devil's bought, but ~~to~~ be Sold.

3

This Maxim, in the Statesman's Schools,
Is always taught, *Divide and Rule*,
All parties are to him a joke;
While Zealots foam, he fits the yoke;
When men their reason once Resume,
'Tis then the Statesman's turn to fume.

4

Learn, learn ye Brittons to unite,
Leave off the old Exploded bite,
Hence forth let *Whig* and *Tory* cease,
And turn all party rage to peace;
Then shall we see a Glorious Scene,
And so, God save the King and Queen!

150 *The Merry Musician; or*

The Maids Petition by M.^r Carey.



1

Cruel Creature can you leave me,
Can you then Ungrateful prove!
Did you Court me, to decieve me,
And to Slight my Constant Love?

2

False Ungrateful! thus to woe me,
Thus to make my Heart a Prize;
First to ruin and undo me,
Then to Scorn and Tyrannize.

3

Shall I Send to Heav'n my Prayer,
Shall I all my Wrongs relate;
Shall I curse the dear betraver?
No alas it is too late.

4

Cupid pity my Condition,
Pierce this unrelenting Swain;
Hear a Tender Maids Petition,
And Restore my Love again.

Happy Myrtillo by Mr. Carey.



1

On a Grassy Pillow,
 The youthfull Myrtillo, the youthfull Myrtillo
 Transported was laid;
 In his Arms a Creature,
 Whose E'ery Feature, whose E'ery Feature
 For Conquest was made;
 To his Side he Clasp'd her,
 And Fondly Grasp'd her, & fondly grasp'd her
 While she Cry'd Oh Dear,
 Oh Dear Myrtillo!
 Had I known your will oh! had I known &c.
 I'd never come here.

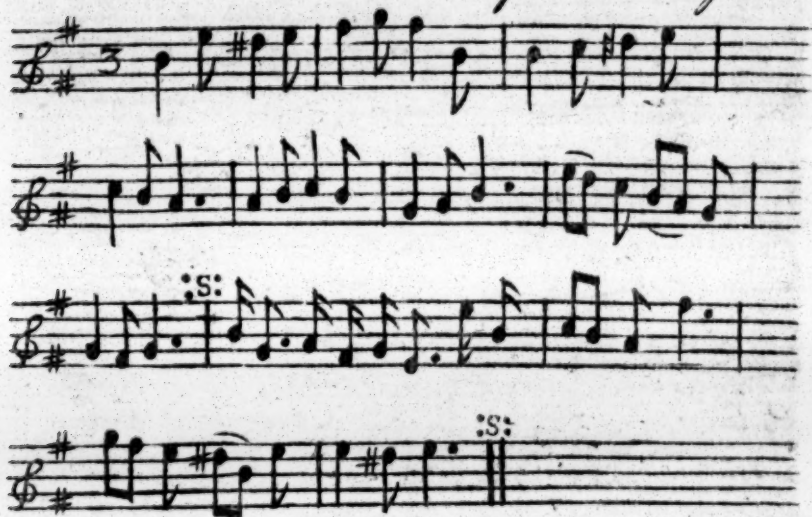
2

Streams Gently flowing,
 And Zephyr blowing, & Zephyr & c.
 Ambrosial Breeze;
 A Swain admiring,
 And all Conspiring, & all & c.
 The Charmer to please;
 The dear Nymph Complying,
 No more denying, no more & c.
 A Silent Grove;
 Oh Blest Myrtillo!
 You may if you will O, you & c.
 Be happy as Love.

3

Now the Devill's in it
 If such a Minute, if such & c.
 The Shepherd could lose;
 No, no, no Myrtillo
 Has better Skill O, has & c.
 His Moments to Chuse:
 The delightfull Treasure,
 Of Love and Pleasure, Of Love & c.
 He boldly seiz'd!
 And like Myrtillo,
 He had his fill O, he had & c.
 Of what he Pleas'd.

The Faires. by Mr Lweridge.



¹
1.st Fairy I
Now the hungry Lions roar,
And howling Wolves behold the Moon,
Now the heavy Plowmen snore,
After daily Labours done.
Trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it softly
round, ever Sacred be this ground.

^d
2.^d Fairy 2
Now the Brands of Fire do glow,
Whilst the Screech Owl Screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lyes in woe,
In remembrance of a Shroud.
Trip it. &c.

^d
3.^d Fairy 3
Now it is the time of night,
That the Graves are gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his Spright,
In the Church-way paths to glide.
Trip it &c.

154 *The Merry Musicians or*

4th Fairy ⁴ And we Faires that do run,
By the Triple Hecats team,
From the presence of the Sun,
Following darkness like a dream.
Trip it &c.

5th Fairy ⁵ Tho' we frolick let no Mouse,
Or boarding Bird or Beast of Prey,
Disturb the quiet of this House,
But downy sleep bring on the day.
Trip it &c.

6th Fairy ⁶ Weaving Spiders come not here,
Spotted Snakes, do no offence,
Beatles black, approach not near,
Worm and Snail, be far from hence.
Trip it &c.

7th Fairy ⁷ By the dead and drowzy fire,
Every Elfe, and Fairy Spright,
Hop as little Bird from brier,
Nimbly nimbly and as light.
Trip it &c.

8th Fairy ⁸ Now joyn all your warbling notes,
In Chorus of sweet Harmony,
Strain aloud your Fairy throats,
Sing and Dance it Tripingly.
Trip it trip it trip it softly round
Ever Sacred be this ground.

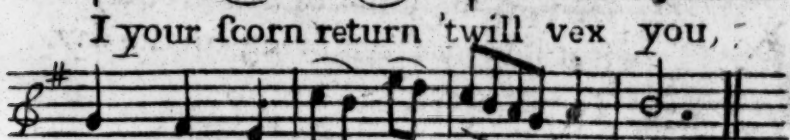
Disdain reprov'd. by M. Lurbridge.



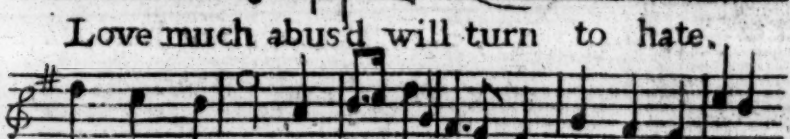
Cloe be wise, no more perplex me,



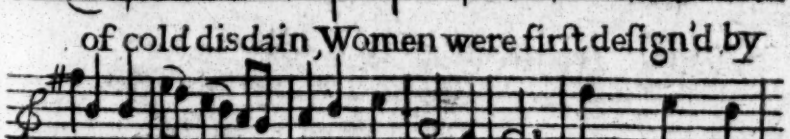
Slight not my Love at such a rate, should



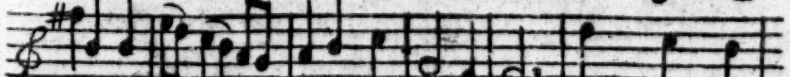
I your scorn return 'twill vex you,



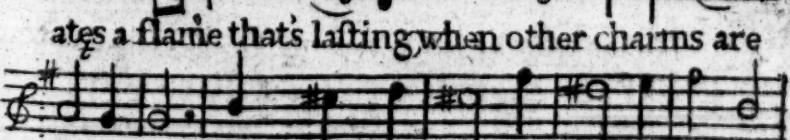
Love much abus'd will turn to hate,

How can so Lovely fair a Creature, put on y^e looks

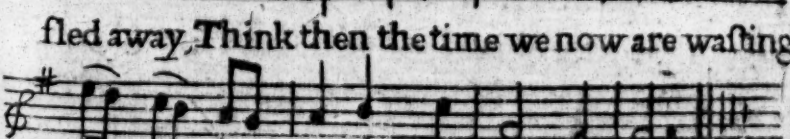
of cold disdain, Women were first design'd by



nature, to give a pleasure not a pain, kindness cre-



ates a flame that's lasting when other charms are



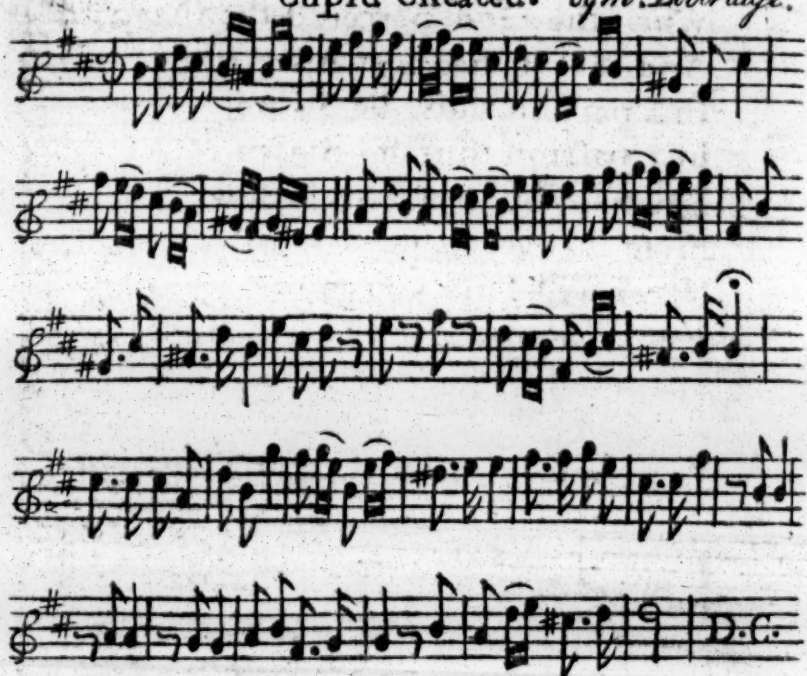
fled away, Think then the time we now are wasting



throw off those frowns and Love obey. F2.

156 *The Merry Musicians; or*

Cupid Cheated. by M^r. Leveridge.

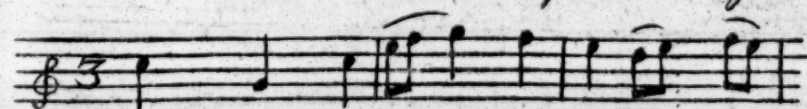


Cupid once in search of Prey,
Thought my reason gone astray,
From his Quiver chose a dart,
From his Quiver chose a dart,
Soon he drew it to the head,
And thus smiling to me said,
Traytor, now have at thy heart,
Traytor, now, now, now,
Traytor, now have at thy heart.
Oh how pleas'd the Chitt was grown,
With the thoughts I was his own,
But alas I feign'd the Smart,
Alas I feign'd, alas I feign'd the Smart,
Alas I feign'd the Smart.

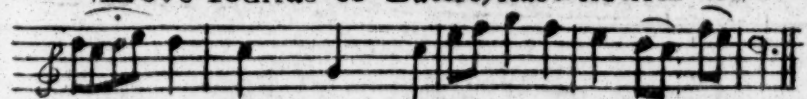
The following words to be Sung to 4th Note of the first Part.

When the God perceiv'd the sham,
And that he had lost his Aim,
In a passion thus he Swore,
In a passion thus he Swore,
Farewell Quiver, farewell Bow,
From this very time I vow,
Never will I use you more,
Never no no no never will I use you more.

Loves Reward. by M^r. Leveridge.



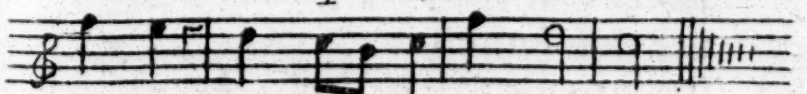
Love sounds to Battle, haste hither to -



ge - ther, His charge is Fatal to all who deny;



Rebels and Traytors, with all their Abbettors,



Fearing, Trembling, before him fly.

2
Vain are the Forces
Of Rangers
And Changers,

All their recourse is

To arm with a Quart;

But when they'r bowzing,
And freely Carrouzing,
Laughing,
Quaffing,
He wounds the heart.

3

To all Deserters,
Annoying,
Destroying,
He ne'er gives Quarters,
But sets them on fire,
The flame past curing,
With rage they'r enduring,
Scorching,
Burning,
'Till they expire.

4

But the true Lover
That Sallys
And Rallys,
Nor turns a Rover,
But stands to his arms,
Under Loves Banner,
'Shall be Crown'd with Honour,
Kissing,
Pressing,
And melt in Charms.

A Cure for the Spleen. 159

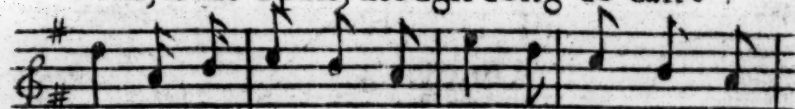
Life a Bubble. by M^r. Leveridge.



Since the Day of poor Man, that



little, little Span, though long it can't



last, for the future and past, is spent with re-



morse and despair, pair, with such a full



Glass, with such a full Glass, let that let



that of Life pass; 'Tis made up of trouble, a



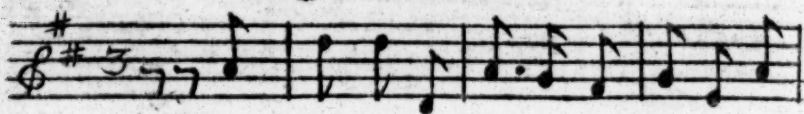
storm tho' a Bubble, there's no Blif, there's no



Bliss like forgetting forgetting our care

160 *The Merry Musician; or*

Cupid over reach'd.



Young Cupid I find, to subdue me in-



clin'd, But at length I a Stratagem



found, that will rid me of him, him,



For I'll drink to the Brim, I'll



drink to the Brim, And unless he can



Swim, He like other blind Puppies will



drown - - n, like other blind Puppies will



drown, drown.

by M. Leveridge.

A Cure for the Spleen.

I

Here here good Folks from far & nigh,
 You who love life and health come buy,
 Of our Great Doctor of renown,
 His Grand *Secretum* fam'd in Town.
 Our Doctor's travell'd far and near,
 And practic'd more than thirty year,
 Dance all ye Sick, ye Lame, ye Blind,
 Since such a Doctor you can find.

2

If you'd be well, him you must call,
 Deep learn'd, he knows the Devil and all,
 He bears the vogue with small & Great,
 None die but when he comes too late.
 Our Doctor's &c.

3

His Grand *Secretum* never fails,
 To cure all Fevers, and worse ails,
 The Gout, the Pox, the Hip, or Spleen,
 And all distempers of the Brain.
 Our Doctors &c.

VOLII.

4

The Cough, Consumption, or the Stone,
Diseases too of Flesh or Bone;
It cures at once, just in a Trice,
All the distempers of the Eyes.
Our Doctor &c.

5

Cholick it cures to a wonder,
Pent up Air expels like Thunder,
Bound or Loose, if you would Eat
It gives you Stomack to your meat.
Our Doctor's &c.

6

Hysterics cures, and Womens ills,
Cuts Childrens teeth, and Worms it kills;
Strengthens weak parts, whose names you'l
guess,
Greenfickness cures and Barrenness.
Our Doctor's &c.

7

'Thas cur'd ten thousand, ask Pegg Shore?
Honest house keeper, she's no Whore,
To vouch it too, we'll bring Tom Case,
Who'll swear it till he's black o'th' Face.
Our Doctors &c.

8

Nor is it true that Gamar Gooding,
Fam'd for Toys and making Pudding,
Had ever yet the right receipt,
Thus what she sells is a meer cheat.
Our Doctor's &c.

9

Nor must you think this a Quack Bill,
Since publish'd for the common weal,
But would you've more of Doctor Gratis,
Ask where you'd this, er't too late is.
Our Doctor's &c.

A Cure for the Spleen.
The Coblers End.

163



¹
*A Cöbler there was, and he liv'd in a Stall,
Which serv'd him for Parlour, for Kitchen & Hall,
No Coin in his Pocket, nor Care in his Pate,
No ambition had he, nor Duns at his Gate.
Derry down, down, down derry down.*

²
*Contented he work'd, & he thought himself happy,
If at night he could purchase a Jugg of brown Nappy,
He'd laugh then and whistle, and Sing too most Sweet,
Saying just to a Hair I've made both ends meet.
Derry down &c.*

³
*But Love the disturber of high and of low,
That Shoots at the Peasant as well as the Beau,
He Shot the poor Cöbler quite thorough the Heart,
I wish it had hit some more ignoble Part.
Derry down &c.*

⁴
*It was from a Cellar this Archer did play,
Where a buxom young Damsel continually lay,
Her Eyes Shone so bright when she rose ev'ry day
That she shot the poor Cöbler quite over the way.
Derry down &c.*

164 *The Merry Musician; or*

⁵
*He Sung her Love-Songs as he sat at his work,
 But she was as hard as a Jew or a Turk,
 When ever he spake she would flounce and would flee,*
Which put the poor Cobler quite into despair.
Derry down &c.

⁶
*He took up his AUL that he had in the world,
 And to make away with himself was resolv'd,
 He pierc'd through his Body instead of the Sole,
 So the Cobler he dy'd and the Bell it did toll.*
Derry down &c.

⁷
*And now in good will I advise as a friend,
 All Coblers take notice of this Coblers End,
 Keep your hearts out of Love for we find by what's past,
 That Love brings us all to an End at the last.*
Derry down, down, down derry down.

The last time I came o'er the Moor.



I

The last time I came o'er the Moor,
I left my Love behind me;
Ye Pow'rs! what pain do I endure
When soft Ideas mind me?
Soon as the ruddy Morn display'd
The Beaming day ensuing,
I met betimes my Lovely Maid,
In fit retreats for wooing.

2

Beneath the cooling shade we lay
Gazing and chafly sporting;
We kiss'd and promis'd Time away,
'Till night spread her black curtain.
I pitied all beneath the Skies,
Ev'n Kings when she was nigh me;
In Raptures I beheld her Eyes,
Which could but ill deny me.

3

Shou'd I be call'd where Cannons roar
Where mortal Steel may wound me,
Or cast upon some foreign Shore,
Where dangers may surround me:
Yet hopes again to see my Love,
To feast on glowing kisses,
Shall make my Cares at distance move,
In Prospect of such Bliss.

4

In all my Soul, there's not one place,
To let a rival enter;
Since she excels in every Grace,
In her my Love shall center.
Sooner the Seas shall cease to flow,
Their Waves the Alps shall cover,
On Greenlands Ice shall Roses grow,
Before I cease to Love her.

The next time I go o'er the Moor,
 She shall a Lover find me,
 And that my faith is firm and pure,
 Tho' I left her behind me:
 Then *Hymens* sacred bonds shall chain,
 My heart to her fair bosom,
 There, while my Being does remain,
 My Love more fresh shall blossom.

The Bush aboon Traquair.



I
 Hear me ye Nymphs, and ev'ry Swain,
 I'll tell how *Peggy* grieves me;
 Tho' thus I languish and complain,
 Alas! she ne'er believes me.
 My vows and sighs, like silent Air,
 Unheeded never move her;
 At the Bony Bush aboon Traquair,
 'Twas there I first did lo'e her.

2

That day she smil'd, and made me glad,
No Maid seem'd ever kinder;
I thought my self the luckiest Lad,
So sweetly there to find her.
I try'd to sooth my am'rous flame,
In words that I thought tender;
If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame
I meant not to offend her.

3

Yet now she scornfull flies the Plain,
The Fields we then frequented;
If e'er we meet, she shews disdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bony Bush bloom'd fair in May,
Its sweets I'll ay remember,
But now her frowns make it decay,
It fades as in December.

4

Ye rural Pow'rs, who hear my Strains,
Why thus should Peggy grieve me?
Oh! make her partner in my pains,
Then let her smiles relieve me:
If not, my Love will turn despair,
My Passion no more tender;
I'll leave the Bush aboon Traquair,
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

168 *The Merry Musician; or*
The Power of Beauty.



1

When Beauty does her Power pursue,
What can't a charming Woman do,
All all must struggle and come too,
When Beauty does her Power pursue,
What can't a charming Woman do.

2

She makes the Soldier quit his rage,
She makes the Sword quite loose y edge.
All all &c.

3

She makes the States-men look like fools,
She makes the Students flight their schools.
All all &c.

4

She makes the Greatest Prince her Slave,
The Stout the Bold the young the Brave.
All all must struggle and come too,
When Beauty does her Power pursue,
What can't a charming Woman do.

The Tunes to the Songs for the

Flute.

169

Here good folks

Page 161



Hear me ye Nymphs

P. 166



I have been in Love

P. 89.





Love's a Dream

t P. 93



Come hither good

P. 97



Foolish Women

P.100



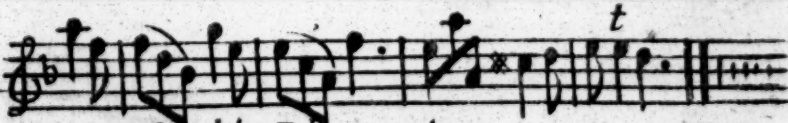
Send home my long

t

P.101

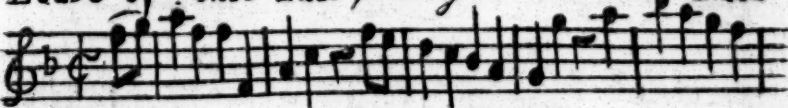


Slow



Leave of this Idle prating

P.102



Long live the Lads

P.103



turn quick





When the Bright god of day

t P.113



Stript of their Greens

P.114



Ye Nymphs and Silvian Gods

P.115



Fond Eccho

P.120



Bacchus one Day

P.123



One April Ev'ning

:S: P.125

:S:

This block contains the first piece of music, 'One April Ev'ning'. It consists of two staves of music in treble clef. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in a simple, flowing style. The second staff continues the melody and includes a repeat sign at the end. To the right of the first staff, the text ':S: P.125' is written, and below the second staff, ':S:' is written.

Fairwell the Fatal Pleasure

P.127

This block contains the second piece of music, 'Fairwell the Fatal Pleasure'. It consists of two staves of music in treble clef. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in a simple, flowing style. The second staff continues the melody and includes a repeat sign at the end. To the right of the first staff, the text 'P.127' is written.

Twas Down in a Meadow

P.129

This block contains the third piece of music, 'Twas Down in a Meadow'. It consists of two staves of music in treble clef. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in a simple, flowing style. The second staff continues the melody and includes a repeat sign at the end. To the right of the first staff, the text 'P.129' is written.

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*For the Flute**Ye Shepherds and Nymphs*

P. 132

*By gaming Ne'er*

P. 134

*When first I Saw*

P. 136

*Now the Hungary Lions*

P. 153



For the Flute

177

Cloe be wise

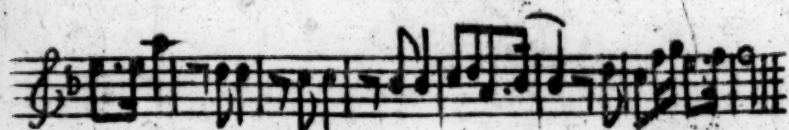
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Cupid Once in Search

P. 156



*Since the Day of*

P. 159

*Young Cupid*

P. 160

*Alone by a fountain*

P. 137



For the Flute

179

While in a Bower

P. 142



Oh I'll have a Husband

F. 143



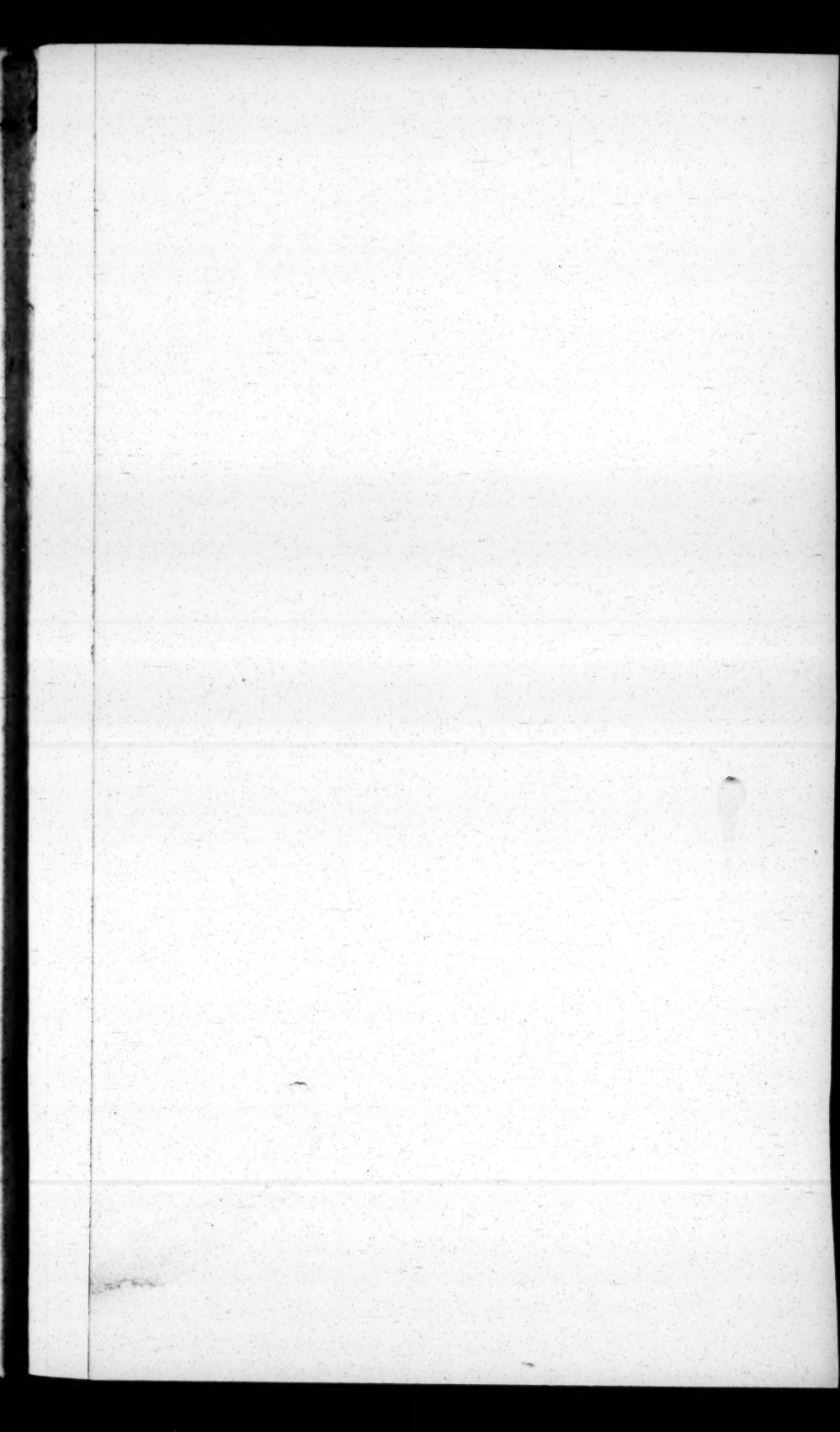
What tho they call

P. 145





Finis



B. 353

